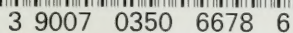




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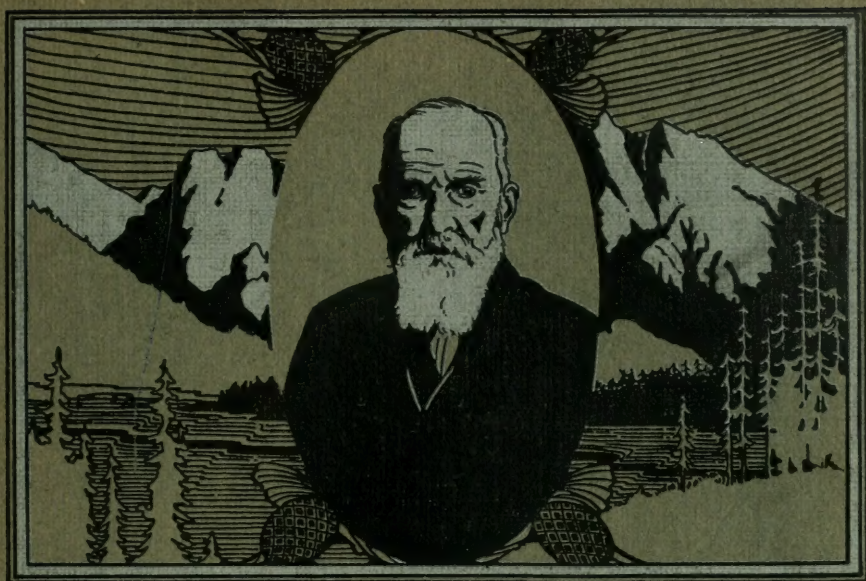
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BLAZING THE TRAIL THROUGH THE ROCKIES

THE STORY
OF
WALTER MOBERLY

AND HIS SHARE IN THE MAKING
OF

VANCOUVER

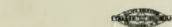
BY *Noel Robinson*

AND
THE OLD MAN HIMSELF

BLAZING THE TRAIL THROUGH THE ROCKIES

THE STORY OF
WALTER MOBERLY
AND HIS SHARE IN THE
MAKING OF
VANCOUVER

BY
NOEL ROBINSON
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FOREWORD

"I have been very much interested in Moberly's recollections with reference to events nearly all of which I pretty well know by heart. I am so glad to see that he has given you, for publication, an account of his long and varied experiences in British Columbia, experiences which have been of great value to the province." In these generous terms of appreciation of Mr. Walter Moberly's services to this province, the Hon. Edgar Dewdney wrote me two months ago, at the time that the veteran explorer's reminiscences were appearing Sunday by Sunday. Mr. Dewdney, who has himself rendered great services, not only to this province, but to the Dominion at large, as trail-maker, explorer and administrator, knew Mr. Moberly intimately as a comrade in the early, strenuous days of which this story treats. Appreciation from such a source is, therefore, of much value. I quote this extract as most representative of the many letters of appreciation of Mr. Moberly's services to the province—some of which do not hesitate to point out that those services do not seem to have been appreciated by the province—that I have received during the publication of his story.

I hope, later, to publish in book form the stories of adventure and achievement of Mr. Dewdney himself, Mr. Henry J. Cambie and other pioneers of the province, whose reminiscences I have had the pleasure of recording in the columns of "The News-Advertiser," for such reminiscences, like those of Mr. Moberly, are part of the history of British Columbia and—in the case particularly of Mr. Dewdney—of the Dominion. In the meantime, I have to express my sincere thanks to Mr. Cambie for his generosity in allowing me to place at the end of Mr. Moberly's story two chapters taken from his own reminiscences in order that the present little book may be a complete record, not only of the explorations and surveys that preceded the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway through this province, but of the actual building of that railway, in connection with which Mr. Cambie played the most prominent part, being in charge of the tremendous work of driving the steel through the rugged canyons of the Fraser. I would like also to thank "The News-Advertiser" for permission to republish these stories; the S. J. Clarke Publishing Company for kindly lending me a number of the "cuts" used by them in their recently published history of British Columbia; the Art, Historical and Scientific Society of Vancouver for permission to use extracts from Mr. Moberly's lectures, published by the Society in a praiseworthy endeavor to show public recognition of his work; and Mr. J. Francis Bursill, an old-timer from the Old Land, well known here under his journalistic name of "Felix Penne," for much kindly assistance in "getting out" this modest but "strange, eventful history."

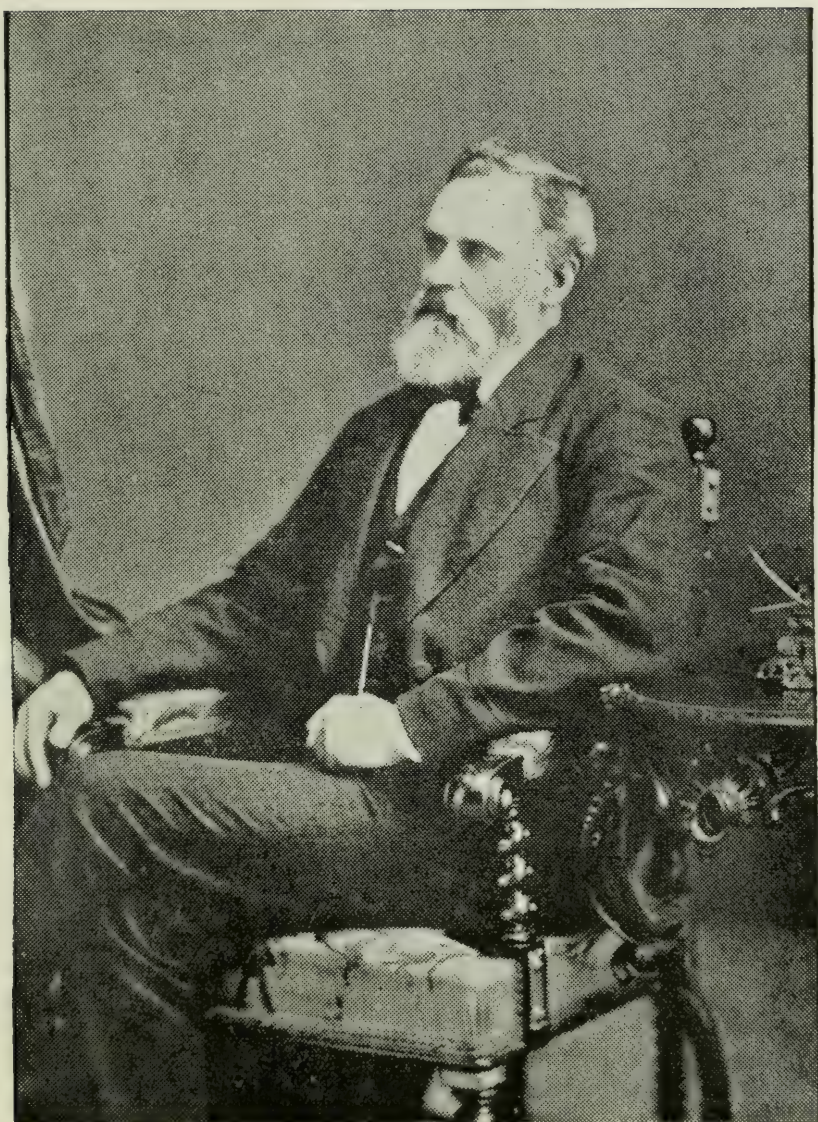
—N. R.

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Forty-three Illustrations



This photograph of Walter Moberly was taken in July, 1871, immediately after British Columbia had come into Confederation, and just before Mr. Moberly organized his surveying parties for the surveys which preceded the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway through the Province.

We detachments steady throwing,
Down the edges, through the passes, up the mountains steep,
Conquering, holding, daring, venturing, as we go the unknown ways.
Pioneers! O pioneers!

We primeval forests felling,
We the rivers stemming, vexing we and piercing deep the mines within;
We the surface broad surveying, and the virgin soil upheaving,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

—Walt Whitman.



N all literature there is no more splendidly picturesque and romantic life story and none more brilliantly told than that of the great builder of our Indian Empire, Warren Hastings, recorded in imperishable English by Lord Macaulay. There are two superbly depicted scenes described in that essay, the famous impeachment scene in the Hall of William Rufus and that scene, so near the end of Hastings' remarkable career, when the ancient Empire-builder, emerging from the retirement of his beautiful country seat in Worcestershire, appeared once more before the Bar of the House, a white-haired nonagenarian, and was there paid a never-to-be-forgotten tribute by the members of the Mother of Parliaments. The wonderful old man, bowed beneath the weight of nearly a century of years, but still mentally alert, seemed to many of those to whom his remarkable life-story had been familiar in their youth to have appeared almost as from the grave, and they paid him that tribute of esteem that the Anglo-Saxon is always glad to pay to a life of conspicuous endeavor and high achievement—even though that life may have been in eclipse at times, as was the case with Warren Hastings.

FROM WARREN HASTINGS TO WALTER MOBERLY.

It may seem, at first blush, a far cry from Warren Hastings to Walter Moberly, the subject of this story, and, as Mr. Moberly would himself admit, it may seem also a case of placing the greater and lesser on the same plane, for the British race has produced few men combining the statesmanship, the conspicuous ability and astonishing energy of a Warren Hastings, but it has produced, to its honor, many indomitable explorers of the MacKenzie, Fraser, Dewdney, Moberly, Cambie type—to name a few outstanding names in British Columbia's roll of explorers. Yet one day, quite recently, the two men to whom reference has been made were associated in my mind for a particular reason. During the week a case, in which the Dominion and Provincial Governments figured, which had, as its main issue, the question whether English Bay may be considered as a harbor or not, loomed large in the newspapers. In the course of that case many a notable British Columbian pioneer—and particularly pioneers of the sea—gave evidence, some of these old-timers, such as a former skipper of the historic Beaver, Captain George Marchant, still hail and hearty, being men who had not figured in the public view for a long time.

FROM BRITAIN'S PARLIAMENT TO VANCOUVER'S COURTHOUSE.

Mr. Walter Moberly was one of these and it was when his still firmly knit but spare and slightly bowed figure, with its venerable head and face, suggesting the pale, intellectual type of man rather than the man of action and the wilds, appeared in the witness box that the analogy I have suggested flashed through my mind. His likeness to the late Lord Strathcona, as an old man, is worthy a passing reference. And, as Mr. Moberly proceeded to tell of that day, more than half a century ago, when Commander Richards in H. M. S. Plumper (that warship the by-no-means impressive name of which has been rendered permanent in the designation of Plumper's Pass between Vancouver and Victoria) found him with Lieutenant Burnaby and his men digging for coal near the site of what is now Coal Harbor, the period of which he spoke seemed as remote to us present day Vancouverites as that period of storm and stress, of bloodshed and diplomacy, and juggling with native kings and princesses and their kingdoms, which marked the administration in India of Warren Hastings, must have seemed to those men of another generation who stood to receive him when he appeared for the last time in Parliament. Warren Hastings was full of years and honors and living at his country seat. Mr. Moberly, who has been the recipient of a few minor honors, is full of years, but a comparatively poor man, yet he, as the most notable of our pioneer path-finders, has, with other pioneer path-finders, rendered to British Columbia services which, in proportion, are as valuable to the Province as those of his greater compatriot were to India and, through India, to the Empire.

MR. MOBERLY HONORED.

It was inevitable that Mr. Walter Moberly should find a place in this series of stories. His name has been given to several places in British Columbia, including a depot on the C. P. R. and a school in South Vancouver, and his explorations are among the earliest and most valuable made in the province. A photograph of him, framed and enlarged, has recently been hung in the Walter Moberly School, the Conservative Club and the Vancouver Museum. Opinions do not differ as to the part he has played in the development of the province, and the fact that he has had the honor of addressing, among other public bodies, the Vancouver Canadian Club and the Art and Historical Society upon his explorations, is a tribute to the estimation in which his services are held by his fellow citizens of Vancouver, a city the site of which he advocated from the outset as the terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway, a railway with the inception and construction of which his name and the names of Cambie, Dewdney and others whose lives have been dealt with in the course of these stories, will always be inseparably associated.

NOTABLE TRIO.

Incidentally I may mention that, of the large family of Moberly brothers, there are still two living, besides Mr. Walter Moberly, both at very advanced ages but a little younger than their Vancouver brother, one, Mr. Harry Moberly, who retired from the service of the Hudson's Bay Company after a strenuous life in the wilds, during a brief portion of which time he traded in opposition to that famous company, and after whom Moberly Lake, near Fort St. John, is named, now living in retire-

ment up north; and the other, Mr. Frank Moberly, who has also been a great out-of-door man and who is at present living north of Lake Huron. In 1871, when the C. P. R. started in, Frank Moberly had charge of the exploratory service of that company from Winnipeg to the Kootenay Plains.

Born in 1832—five years before Queen Victoria came to the throne—at Steeple Ashton in Oxfordshire, England, Walter Moberly is the son of a retired post-captain in the British Navy and of a Polish lady. His father fought in many battles in the Napoleonic wars, including that off Cape St. Vincent and at Borodino. He is the nephew of an ecclesiastic well known in his day, headmaster of Winchester when the family said good-bye to England and, later, still better known as Bishop Moberly of Salisbury. As Walter was only two years of age when his father and mother emigrated to Canada, he has no recollections of England, though, curiously enough, his pure English accent would suggest that he had recently emigrated from the Old Country. His first definite memories are of his school life at Barrie, on Lake Simcoe, where his father bought a nice little place. It was here that he first met and became well acquainted with the future Baroness Macdonald, then a girl and subsequently destined to marry Canada's most famous premier, Sir John A. Macdonald. Much might be written about his early explorations in the Huron country (of which little was known at that time), but his life has been so crammed full with interesting happenings in this province that most of this early part will have to be omitted, with the exception of a reference or two. After studying his profession of civil engineer in Toronto and spending some time with a well known Toronto firm of engineers, Messrs. Cumberland and Storm—Mr. Cumberland was chief engineer on what used to be known as the Ontario, Simcoe and Union Railroad, afterwards the Northern Railway, the first railroad in Upper Canada—he engaged in many strenuous and exciting explorations.

SIR SANDFORD FLEMING'S PICTURES.

During part of this time he was one of the assistants to Sir Sandford Fleming, a very notable engineer, who is still living in Winnipeg. Mr. Moberly recalled one curious memory with reference to Sir Sandford. "He was a very clever sketcher," he observed, "and could sketch and paint in colors, and yet he could not tell one color from another. Often he has asked me the color of this or that, and when he knew the color he would make a beautiful picture." In the year 1854 Mr. Moberly secured many hundreds of square miles of white pine that he had discovered, and he spent a large proportion of the years 1855-57 exploring through the country north of Lakes Huron and Superior between Lake Simcoe and the Michipicoten River, which discharges its waters into Lake Superior. Upon his return to Toronto at the end of the year 1857 he learned that the Imperial Government had sent out an expedition under the command of Captain Palliser to explore British territory between Lake Superior and the Pacific Coast, and at the same time he heard that rich deposits of gold had been discovered in the valley of the Fraser River in British Columbia. He decided to come out to British Columbia, and, with a letter of introduction from Sir George Simpson to Sir James Douglas, who was then at the head of the Hudson's Bay Company west of the Rocky Mountains, he made preparations for the change.

Just one retrospective glimpse before accompanying Mr. Moberly to the founding of New Westminster. It has reference to his early experiences in the country west of Lake Huron. "Until the early fifties of the nineteenth century very little was known of the country west of the Huron," he observed, "and it was generally supposed to be rugged, cold, inhospitable, more suitable for Indians and wild animals than for civilized settlement and commercial development. It was in the year 1850, when I was emerging from boyhood, that I met in Barrie an Englishman from Kent, and we arranged to undertake a trip from Barrie to Sault Ste. Marie for the purpose of exploring the north shore of Lake Huron and also for shooting and fishing and to be present at the village of Manitowaning, on the Great Manitoulin Island, in order to witness the annual distribution of the presents that the government in those days gave to the Indians who then inhabited the country around Lakes Huron and Superior.

"We purchased a small bark canoe which we transported by the old military road from Barrie to the Willow River, down which we paddled to the Nottawasaga River, thence down it to Lake Huron, then coasting along the shore of Lake Huron to Penetanguishene, where we outfitted. After a delightful trip, during which we saw a great deal of the country bordering the north shore of Lake Huron, we went to see the distribution of the presents to the Indians. There were several thousand Indians congregated, many of them very fine looking men. War dances were innumerable, and canoe races, in which upwards of 400 canoes took part, were organized. We visited the Wallace copper mine on the Whitefish River and also the Bruce mines. We then returned to the site of an old saw mill about five miles from the village of Manitowaning, where raspberries grew in profusion and where wild pigeons were numerous. Having shot a great many of these birds, we embarked on the old steamer Gore and proceeded to Sturgeon Bay and thence in our canoe to the Coldwater River, where we put the canoe on a wagon and transported it to Orillia, then, launching it on Lake Couchiching, we paddled back to Barrie. It was during this trip that I noticed the large forests of white pine that grew throughout much of that country."

SLAVE TRADE IN RIO.

Matters were quiet owing to the Crimean War, when—largely owing to the advice of Mr. Gzowski, a widely known engineer in the east at that time and father of Mr. Gzowski, a well known contractor of the Vancouver of today—Mr. Moberly decided to go west. Spending one last day at Niagara Falls, he departed for New York and embarked upon what was to prove an adventurous and strenuous career. He sailed for Rio de Janerio. Even at this length of time, when the tides of over fifty years have ebbed and flowed between, Walter Moberly retains the most vivid impressions of the splendid harbor of Rio and the varied and picturesque scenes which the city had to show at that time, impressions which one is tempted to set down here were it not that there is so much of interest to pack into a comparatively limited space before this story closes. Suffice it to say that Rio at that time was full of negro slaves, for the slave trade was at its most lucrative stage. One slaver, a skipper, informed young Moberly that he had cleared \$600,000 as the result of a single voyage bringing slaves from Africa.

"These negroes were as black as ebony, and he informed me that a negro in good condition would fetch from \$2,000 to \$3,000," Mr. Moberly explained. As far as he could judge during the few weeks he spent at Rio, these slaves were, in the main, fairly well treated and pretty jolly, though he came across some sad exceptions.

Through the stormy Straits of Magellan and so to Panama sailed the good ship in which our explorer was bound, and at Panama it was found that the steamship company operating the said ship had "gone bust." It was quite a question as to whether they would be able to complete the voyage, but the captain and the first mate decided to take the vessel to San Francisco. The passengers, however, lost their passage to Victoria. Eventually, Mr. Moberly managed to get passage on another vessel to Esquimalt and so, late in the year 1858—the same year that Colonel Moody and the Royal Engineers landed in the province from England—he set foot on British Columbian soil.



CAPTAIN COOK.

Like Captain Vancouver, Captain Cook was one "of the first that ever burst into that silent sea" of the Pacific. He just missed discovering the Straits of Juan de Fuca owing to a storm. The "silent sea" about Vancouver would have remained in solitude had not such men as Cook and Vancouver been followed by men like Moberly and Cambie.

WELCOMED BY GOVERNOR DOUGLAS.

Upon presenting Sir George Simpson's letter to Sir James Douglas, Mr. Moberly was accorded a very hearty welcome by the notable Hudson's Bay magnate. "He not only received me kindly, but he offered me a post under the government," Mr. Moberly explained. "I declined it, however, as it would have interfered with the objects I had in view. He gave me a letter that would insure me a welcome and assistance at any of the Hudson's Bay forts I might visit. Until the day of his death I always found Sir James Douglas a kind and invaluable friend, and I never experienced anything but courtesy and assistance from the Hudson's Bay factors and those under them. At that time also I met Chief Justice Begbie, Commander Richards and Donald Fraser, W. A. G. Young and others."

COMMENCES B. C. EXPLORATIONS.

Let it not be forgotten that Mr. Moberly made all his early explorations in B. C. quite apart from the government and entirely at his own

expense. It is true that he was fond of exploratory work, but this fact does not detract from the debt of gratitude which the province owes to the man who, upon his arrival, spent all that he had saved in seeking to make known the unknown. It was, however, to be an outstanding feature of this explorer's life that, partly, it would seem, through a certain something lacking in his make-up from a business standpoint, and partly from the disinterestedness natural to him, he never emerged on the right side financially from any of the big undertakings he tackled, despite the fact that he carried them through successfully.

"I thought I might meet Captain Palliser in Victoria and learn from him the result of his explorations through the Rockies and British Columbia," he observed, "but on my arrival Governor Douglas informed me that Captain Palliser's party would not reach Victoria until the following autumn. I left Victoria after a few days' stay, and sailed for Fort Langley in the Hudson's Bay Company's steamer *Otter*, and arrived the same day at the old Fort Langley, where I received a hearty welcome from the Chief Factor, William Yale, and other officers of the company who were then stationed or visiting at that important fort.

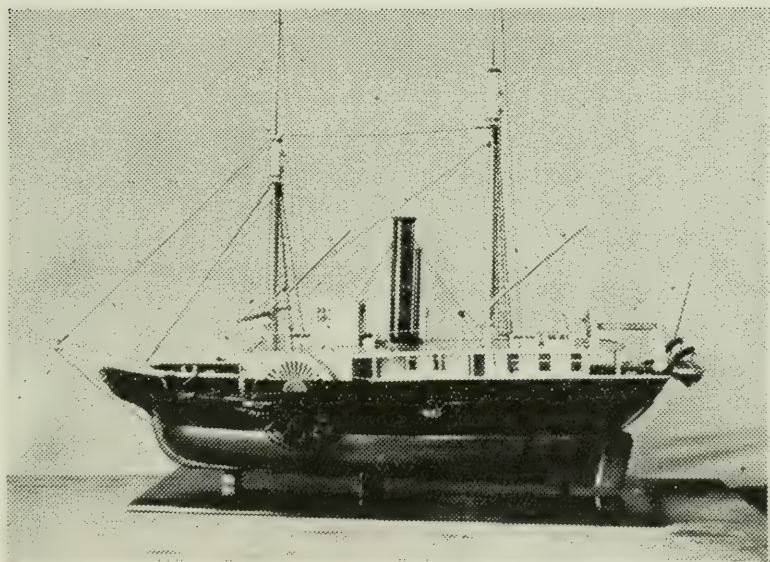
GLOOMY PROPHECIES.

"My explorations for a Canadian transcontinental railway through the mountains of British Columbia may be fairly said to have commenced on the day that I reached Fort Langley in the year 1858, but, allowing for those I had previously made north of Lakes Huron and Superior, the explorations for such a railway really commenced fifteen or sixteen years before British Columbia was confederated with the provinces east of the Rocky Mountains. The winter, cold, dreary and comfortless, had now set in, with snow and rain. A large number of miners who had been mining in the neighborhood of Forts Hope and Yale, and on the Lillooet River, were living in shacks about half a mile below Fort Langley, and they spoke gloomily of the portion of the country I proposed to explore, dilating upon its difficulties and its extreme ruggedness and referring to a war between the miners and the Indians which they said was going on in the canyons of the Fraser, and in the course of which they said that a number of Indians had been shot.

CAPTAIN TOM WRIGHT—MARINER AND PHILANTHROPIST.

"There was a small, stern-wheeler steamer called the *Enterprise*, owned and commanded by a most genial and kind hearted American—Captain Tom Wright—going up the Fraser to Fort Yale, so I proceeded up the river in her. The *Enterprise* was the pioneer steamer to navigate the Fraser River to Fort Yale. Innumerable old pioneers of the Fraser River experienced much kindness from Captain Wright—and it is a pleasure to pay a tribute to him here—when they were starving and without means, for he not only gave them free passages in these circumstances, but also fed them when on his steamer, and he had such a pleasant way with him that he made them feel that they were not under an obligation to him but that they were conferring a favor upon him by travelling on his steamer. He was a most amusing character and would keep the passengers in roars of laughter by spinning yarns and telling amusing anecdotes.

Apropos of Mr. Moberly's reference to Captain Tom Wright and the pioneer steamer to navigate the Fraser River, I make no apology for introducing here a few paragraphs dealing in a most interesting and entertaining way with the early navigation of the Fraser. These are culled from a remarkably interesting book entitled "Four Years in British Columbia and Vancouver Island," the author being Commander R. C. Mayne, R.N., F.R.G.S., sometime officer on H. M. S. Hecate under Commander Richards. The volume was published more than fifty years ago and there are only a few copies now extant, among these being copies in the Vancouver and Victoria Public Libraries and in the possession of Mr. C. E. Tisdall, M.P.P., of Vancouver, and Mr. John Tolmie, of Victoria, two old-timers. It is capitally and attractively written and full of valuable information, both popular and scientific, with reference to the mainland of British Columbia and Vancouver Island, its people and characteristic features. The author, who was clearly a man of keen observation, saw every side of life here in those early days and himself went on many explor-



A model of the historic Beaver, the first steamship to plough the waters of the Pacific. She came out from England 'round the Horn and under sail, and was soon known from end to end of the B. C. coastline. This model is in the Museum at Victoria.

ing expeditions, living with the Indians and enduring the usual hardships of pioneer life. Incidentally he brought to the writing of the book a good education and a broad outlook upon life. In reading its pages in the light of the events and discoveries of the past half century it is very interesting to compare the actual development in certain places and in certain directions with the prophecies here and there indulged in by Commander Mayne. Often these prophecies have become accomplished facts in so striking a

manner that the author, were he still alive, would in many instances have the satisfaction of saying, "There, I told you so."

I have laid special emphasis upon the value of this book because it seems to me that it is well worth re-publication. Certainly it is the most interesting and attractive of the books written upon British Columbia. It will be seen in a moment that Commander Mayne (with whom Mr. Moberly was well acquainted and of whom he speaks highly) ascended the Fraser on the same boat, the *Enterprise*, and under the same captain, Tom Wright.

STERN-WHEELER AND "UMATILLA SNAG."

The following extract is, as will appear, in lighter vein, but, none the less, it gives a very vivid idea of the troubles with which the navigator of the turbulent Fraser had to contend in the early days:

"Some fifteen miles from Westminster, Langley is reached. Here steamers from Victoria are stopped by the shallowness of the river, and their cargoes, human and material, transferred to the stern-wheel steamers, boats and canoes which, from this point, do battle with the swift, uncertain stream. Stern-wheel steamers are peculiarly American. They are propelled by a large wheel protruding beyond the stern, the rudders—for there are generally two or three—being placed between it and the vessel's stern. They are admirably adapted to pass between snags and close to bluffs, where a side wheel would be knocked away, and are affixed to flat-bottomed vessels drawing no more than 18 to 24 inches of water.

"There is something very exciting in travelling in these steamers. Struggling up the river against the stream the greatest risk comes from the overcharged boilers giving way. But tearing down the current at some 12 or 14 knots an hour, bumping over shoals, striking against snags and shooting rapids is far more animated work. One snag, known as the Umatilla Snag, because a steamer of that name first struck it, lies in a very narrow and rapid bend of the Fraser. Upon one occasion, when I was going up the river in the *Enterprise*, no less than three times after we had struggled past that snag the strong current caught and swung us broadside on across the stream; and it was only by running the vessel's bow into the muddy bank, without a moment's hesitation, and holding her there by the nose, as it were, until she recovered breath to make another effort, that we escaped impalement.

AN EXCITING STRUGGLE.

"There was something very exciting in this struggle between the forces of steam and water. Each time, as we hung by the bank, the engineer might be heard below stoking his fires and getting up as much steam as the boilers could—or might not—bear for the next effort. The wheel-house in these vessels is situated forward, so that there is almost direct communication between it and the engine room. By the helm stands the captain, Tom Wright. 'Ho, Frank!' he hails down the tube; 'how much steam have you?' Frank replies that he has so many pounds. 'Guess, you must give her ten pounds more or we shan't get past that infernal snag,' is the skipper's rejoinder, and then more stoking is heard below and the unpleasant sensation comes over the listener that the boilers are just below his feet and that, if anything should happen, his fate, at any rate, is sealed. Presently Frank's voice is heard again: 'All ready, Cap'n; can't give her any

more.' The skipper loses no time. 'Stand by, then,' is his response. Then, to the men forward, who have made the rope fast to some stump on the bank to keep the boat from dropping off: 'Let go,' and she falls off for the second or third time. Her bow cants out a little. 'Ting, ting, ting,' goes the engine room bell—the signal for full speed ahead. For a time the lightly built vessel trembles. We watch the trees on the bank closely to see if she moves ahead. Presently she drops a little; then the stream catches her on one bow. 'Stand by with the trip-pole,' is heard, and she swings round. 'Trip,' is shouted from the wheel-house. Into the swift, shallow water the heavy pole plunges and perhaps she is brought up by it and run into the bank again, or, if the bottom is hard and rocky or the water deeper than was thought, away she flies down the river until she is brought up against the bank or across a snag.

MENDING WITH TARRED BLANKETS.

"The perseverance of the skippers in overcoming these difficulties is really remarkable. Upon one occasion I remember that, after making four unsuccessful attempts to steam past the Umatilla Snag, all the men had to be landed in order to drag her past the dangerous spot. Further up it was found necessary to again resort to the same tedious process, and the united strength of the crew and passengers with difficulty got her over the few hundred yards in the space of two hours, Frank below in the engine room cramming on all the steam he could to help us. Nor is the composure with which the captain meets and remedies an accident less remarkable. A supply of tarred blankets is always kept handy for service and, if a hole is stove in the steamer's bottom, the captain coolly runs her ashore on the nearest convenient shoal, jams as many blankets into the crevice as seem necessary, nails down a few boards over them, and composedly continues his voyage. He is often reduced to very serious straits. I was assured by a passenger aboard the *Enterprise to Hope*, in 1859, that he saw the contents of a cask of bacon turned onto the fires when additional steam to pass a troublesome rapid was necessary."

THROUGH ICY RAPIDS TO FORT DOUGLAS.

To continue Mr. Moberly's story: "When we left the steamer at the mouth of the Harrison River, rain and snow were falling heavily, so we pulled the goods the steamer had left on the bank into a near-by large Indian house, called in those days a 'rancheree,' and we also found shelter in it, but the smoke and stench were very disagreeable. Having on my way up from Fort Langley arranged with a merchant who had a general store at Fort Douglas to take charge of a canoe of his loaded with goods and liquors, I hastily collected a crew and late in the afternoon we started up the Harrison River. At the rapids we had to get out into the icy water and pull the canoe up, and at dark we reached a large Indian house in which dwelt many Indian families. We stayed there overnight and thawed our clothes and half-frozen bodies. A few more miserable days, buffeted by strong head winds accompanied with heavy snow storms when travelling Lake Harrison saw us in Fort Douglas, which was a small village composed of rough shacks and a few better buildings for stores and liquor saloons. The place was crammed with miners, packers and others. I hired an Indian to pack my blankets across the twenty-nine-mile portage to Lil-

looet Lake, and next morning started along a narrow trail through deep snow that penetrated a dense green fir forest.

AS FAR AS PAVILION MOUNTAIN.

"Difficulties and hardships crowded upon one another, but, after many days spent tramping through the snow, and without a blanket to sleep in, for I had thrown away my blankets the day before I had left Fort Douglas, as packing them through the snow delayed me very much, I managed to penetrate as far as Pavilion Mountain, some distance above the present town of Lillooet. I tried mining near 'The Fountain,' but it was not a success and, there not being any provisions obtainable, I was starved out and so retraced my way back to Fort Langley. This exploration convinced



Sir James Douglas, the first Governor of Vancouver Island and for many years head of the Hudson's Bay Company on the Pacific Coast.

me that this route was not favorable for the construction of the eastern section of a transcontinental railway. I had, however, ascertained that there were no great difficulties to be overcome in the construction of wagon roads across the portage between Fort Douglas and what is now the town of Lillooet and thence up the valley of the Fraser River to Pavilion Mountain.

SEVERAL EXPLORATIONS.

"I stayed for a few days at Fort Langley and then Captain Tom Wright and I started in a canoe to explore up the Pitt River and lake to see if we could find a better way into the interior than that by the Harrison River and lake. A short exploration in this direction convinced us of the impracticability of this route. After this expedition I returned to Victoria and gave Governor Douglas an account of my explorations. He decided to improve the Harrison rapids in the way I suggested and also to construct wagon roads across the portage, etc., that I had examined between Fort Douglas and Pavilion Mountain. I then proceeded to make an exploration through the canyons of the Fraser River between Yale and Lytton, which presented great natural difficulties, but in both direction and grades I found that a good line could be obtained for either a wagon road or a railway, though the work of construction in either case would be very costly."

It was upon returning to Victoria after this expedition that Mr. Moberly met Colonel Moody (after whom Port Moody was named, commander of the Royal Engineers who were sent out by the statesman-novelist, Lord Lytton, an outstanding figure in early B. C. history) at Governor Douglas's and arranged to accompany him up the Fraser for the purpose of founding New Westminster. This incident—quite an historic one in the history of British Columbia—Mr. Moberly told me with much interesting detail, as also the story of his explorations in Burrard Inlet and vicinity, the visit of Commander Richards and the naming of Coal Harbor.



FOUNDING NEW WESTMINSTER.

HERE has for many years been a friendly argument between Mr. Walter Moberly and Mr. J. W. Armstrong, the well-known New Westminster pioneer, as to which of the twain was the first white settler on the site of the Royal City. Both claim that distinction. I wonder if each has sufficient faith in the goddess of chance to emulate the two farmers, about whom Judge Bole told me, who, at Mr. Buchanan Sword's house at Matsqui, many years ago, and after the hearing of their dispute had proceeded until the luncheon hour, enjoyed lunch and then agreed to decide the ownership of certain cows by tossing up.

WALTER MOBERLY MEETS COL. MOODY.

Mr. Moberly visited Governor Douglas at Victoria to report the result of his expedition, for, although he had declined to enter the service of the government, he had promised to report the result of his explorations whenever he returned to the capital. "I was in Mr. Douglas' waiting room and prepared to tell the head of the Hudson's Bay Company here what impressions I had gathered. While waiting I chatted with a gentleman who had also come to see Mr. Douglas. I did not know who he was and we did not mention names. While we were talking, the late Chief Justice Begbie came out of the Governor's office. I had met him at a dinner party. We shook hands and then Sir Matthew introduced me to the gentleman I had been in conversation with as Colonel Moody—Colonel Richard Clement Moody, to give him his full name. Upon hearing my name the Colonel at once said: 'I was hoping that we should meet some time, Mr. Moberly; I heard that you were in the province. I knew your uncle, Bishop Moberly, well in England.'"

"YOU ARE JUST THE MAN I WANT."

This was the beginning of much pleasant intercourse between the two. The Colonel invited young Moberly to go and see him the next day. "Having given my report to the Governor later that day I went with my blankets to an old frame building—very much of a barn—somewhere near where the Bank of British Columbia now stands. I slept there that night in a sort of loft. Next day I was going down to the Colonial Restaurant, where there happened to be a very fine French cook and jolly good fellow—the restaurant was afterwards named the Dryard Hotel—when I met Colonel and Mrs. Moody and their two children, and they invited me to dinner. They were living in a frame building pretty near the corner of Yates and Douglas streets. As soon as we had finished dinner, Colonel Moody said: 'Do you understand frame buildings, how to draw plans and put the buildings up?' I replied in the affirmative, and he said: 'Then you are just the man I want.' He then told me that he had decided to



NEW WESTMINSTER IN THE EARLY SIXTIES.

change the site of the future capital from Derby to Queensborough (afterwards called New Westminster). 'Be ready,' said the Colonel, 'to start tomorrow morning in the Beaver and we will go up the Fraser to Derby, where Captain Grant and his men are, and there we will arrange everything.'

BEAVER PASSES NEW CAPITAL; A CURIOUS PROCESSION.

When, late the next day, the historic little steamer passed the site of what is now the Royal City—"and there was nothing but forest, not even a shack there then," interpolated Mr. Moberly—they were on deck, and Colonel Moody waved his hand towards it and said: "There is our future capital." "One night I stopped at Langley and then, a supply of provisions and implements having been got together, in addition to a tent and



The Mint, New Westminster, 1862.

a few other necessities, next day we entered a rather leaky boat and were quickly towed down stream by the steamer and left by her on the site of the future capital." So Mr. Moberly described the first landing there—he, at any rate, has not the least doubt that it was the first landing and that there was not the slightest sign of any building, however rough, for miles either way, as it was part of his duty to explore the site. "The following day," he explained, "I walked all the way up to a little stream called Brunette. I tried to get along the beach, but found that it was impossible, so went through the woods. A few days later—the news of

the proposed change having become common property—men were floating down the Fraser in boats and canoes, on rafts, and, indeed, in any mortal craft they could lay hands on or make roughly and quickly to take them to the site of the new capital. Upon that site there were some of the biggest forest trees I have seen, and it was clear that there was lots of strenuous work before us.”

“ALPHABET” MACDONALD: A MIGHTY STUMP.

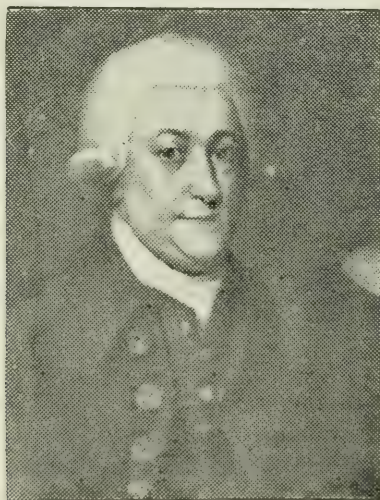
In response to a question as to whether he helped to survey the site of the new city, Mr. Moberly replied in the negative, explaining that the surveyors among the Royal Engineers—of whom, by the way, Mr. George Turner, whose story has already figured in this series, was one—were responsible for this work. His work, he said, consisted in the planning, and, with assistance, the erection of the first dwellings and offices. He spoke of one D. F. G. Macdonald—better known at the time as “Alphabet Macdonald”—the son of a notable Scotch preacher in his day and one who had known Colonel Moody in Scotland. “He was a great card,” laughed Mr. Moberly, “and a great fellow to yarn and drink whisky. Cochrane was another Scotchman of quite a different type. I was building a little cottage for Mac and got in a supply of whisky and we had some very entertaining evenings. I was in charge of the building of the houses, of the treasury and customs houses, and of clearing off the timber. I remember well there was one stump where the customs house had to go. It bulged tremendously big at the bottom. There were several Canadians who told me they were accustomed to such work and who startled me by saying they would get the stump out for \$30. They made a great effort, but finally, when they found that they were not making \$1 a day, they agreed to take the same wages as I was paying my men. It cost \$80 to get that stump out.”

I asked Mr. Moberly where that great stump and customs house stood. He thought for a moment, then drew his hand over his eyes with a deprecatory gesture and said, a little sadly: “So many of the old landmarks by which I have been able to recall places have gone from New Westminster that I cannot be sure, but I think it must have been very near where Holbrook & Fisher’s store used to be.”



EXPLORING BURRARD INLET.

IN August, 1859, Mr. Moberly recalls the making of a trail from the Camp—as the first settlement at New Westminster was called for quite a while—to Port Moody. “It was a distance of nine or ten miles, and there was absolutely nothing there at the time,” he remarked. “There was no white man on Burrard Inlet. About that time Lieutenant Burnaby — after whom Burnaby is named — Colonel Moody’s private secretary, had an idea that there might be coal on the Inlet. I thought even then that the shores of the Inlet would one day afford a valuable site for a railway and its terminus. We took some men with us and embarked in a canoe at New Westminster. We landed first at what is now known as Point Grey, and near where the Country Club is situated. Next day we explored False Creek, which, at that time, was, like Burrard Inlet, bush right down to the water’s edge. The day following we paddled



Captain George Vancouver, the first white man to proceed up Burrard Inlet.

round into the Inlet itself and camped somewhere near the foot of what is now Bute street. The following day we proceeded to what is now Coal Harbor, and set our men to work with picks and shovels digging to see if they could come upon traces of coal. Meanwhile Burnaby and I explored right up to Port Moody, up the North Arm and Indian River, and also up Howe Sound.”

Figure to yourself, all of you who have enjoyed so many glorious expeditions by canoe and launch and steamer upon the beautiful waters and amidst the grand and impressive scenery of the places just mentioned, these two explorers in their little canoe paddling mile after mile through scenes now familiar to all of us, but, up till that time, gazed upon by hardly a white man—several of them never seen before except by an Indian—since the days when Captain Vancouver and his intrepid men came up Burrard Inlet.

H. M. S. PLUMPER ARRIVES IN INLET.

It was while the party was delving for coal that was not there that, to their surprise, Commander George H. Richards, with H. M. S. Plumper, steamed through the First Narrows and, passing Brockton Point, hove into sight. The arrival of the little warship, Mr. Moberly explained, was the result of a misunderstanding. Some white men had been murdered on the Fraser, and Captain Louard, of the Royal Engineers, had captured on Sea Island the Indians responsible for the crime. These Indians thought they were going to be strung up at once. Now, the Indians belonged to the Squamish tribe, the headquarters of which tribe were situated not far from where the exploring party had encamped, and the Squamish were in a rather indignant frame of mind. However, there was no serious danger. Happening to meet an Indian and his squaw in a canoe, Mr. Moberly, learning that they were for the Fraser River, bethought him of a message that he wanted to send to the "Skookum Tyee" (as the Indians called Captain Spalding, the stipendiary magistrate at Westminster) and in the course of the brief letter let fall an observation about the attitude of the Squamish Indians, which observation, combined with the fact that he anticipated some trouble as the result of the capture of the Indian murderers, led Captain Louard to think that the party on Burrard Inlet was in much danger. So a revenue boat was sent to Nanaimo to tell Commander Richards that he was wanted in Burrard Inlet at once. Hence the arrival of the Plumper.

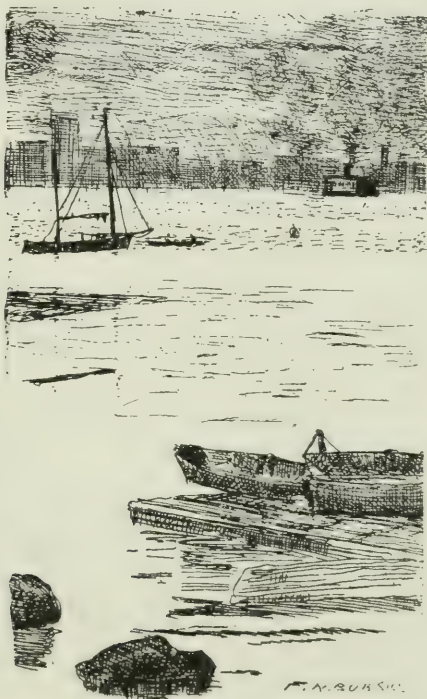
CAMP-FIRE PARTY: COAL HARBOR NAMED.

"However, the presence of the bluejackets enabled us to spend a jolly night," observed Mr. Moberly. "They landed, as we had done, at the foot of what is now Bute street, and later brought a keg ashore. Then we lit a roaring fire of logs as night came on, and our party and the English sailors spent one of the jolliest nights I remember. Many rollicking old sea songs were sung and many a rousing chorus echoed through the forest and many a toast was drunk." There! that is a little vignette which it is worth while remembering now that, more than half a century afterwards, the face of nature has been so completely changed by man at that particular spot—the foot of Bute street—and now, too, that nature has taken to her bosom all but one of the festive party that foregathered round that camp fire. Before he left next day, Commander Richards named Coal Harbor. While this name recalls an interesting bit of local history—and for that reason, perhaps, it would be a pity to change it—it must be admitted that, as the name of a pretty lagoon—incidentally immortalized by Pauline Johnson—it is the reverse of pretty and might with advantage be changed.

COAL HARBOR AS NANAIMO'S COMPETITOR.

In Commander Mayne's book, to which reference has been made, we find that the gallant officer, in the course of a description of Vancouver and its environment, went a little astray in his remarks upon the coal-producing possibilities of Coal Harbor.

The southernmost, and, as yet, the most important of the inlets of the Pacific Coast, was named by Vancouver "Burrard," after a friend in the Royal Navy. This inlet differs from most of the others in possessing several good anchorages. It is divided into three distinct harbors, which are separated from each other by narrows, through which the tide rushes with such velocity as to render them impassable by any but powerful steamers,



Burrard Inlet. First dry-point etching made in Vancouver (Noel Bursill).

except at slack water or with the tide. The entrance to Burrard Inlet lies fourteen miles from the sandheads of the Fraser River. English Bay is the anchorage immediately inside the entrance on the south side, and is of considerable importance to vessels entering at night or when the tide is running out through the narrows, affording them safe anchorage where they can wait comfortably until the morning or turn of tide, instead of drifting about the place.

"Two miles inside the First Narrows is Coal Harbor, where coal has been found in considerable quantities and of good quality, although the

demand is not yet sufficient to induce speculators to work it in opposition to the already established mines at Nanaimo."

Perhaps it is a little unfair to quote one of the very few paragraphs in the book where Commander Mayne was in error. Although he was no doubt in Burrard Inlet himself more than once, that paragraph must have been penned later and after someone had been "drawing the long bow" a little about the "considerable quantities" and "good quality" of the valuable mineral which was to help Coal Harbor to rival Nanaimo in this natural production. Fortunately for Vancouver—and one expresses the sentiment without any mental reservation—coal has not been discovered on the site of the future Pacific metropolis—or, if it has, the quantities have been so infinitesimal as to make them unworthy of consideration. Had Messrs. Moberly and Burnaby been successful in their experiment in Coal Harbor fifty odd years ago, they might have become millionaires, though the chances are that, in Mr. Moberly's case, anyway, the spirit of wanderlust, of exploration, would have prevented him from making a success of anything else.



DISCOVERY OF EAGLE PASS.

ES, I feel a strong inclination to open this third chapter of his story with the grizzly bear adventure that befell Mr. Moberly high up in the mountains above the Illecillewaet—musical name when you have once caught on to the swing of its pronunciation. No—on second thoughts, that shall be left for a column or two later. It was quite by accident that this incident found its way into our chat and, as a matter of fact, Mr. Moberly was just referring to it in passing as one of the to-be-expected events of such an exploring trip—"somewhere near there we killed a grizzly"—and was passing on to another point in the expedition when I pulled him up with: "You might tell me about that grizzly, Mr. Moberly," and then he did so.

That is the only thing I have against this veteran explorer. He is quite ready to describe his explorations and their effects, but, unless pressed, he does not refer to adventures by the way, which—to use a newspaper colloquialism—are often the jam of the story from the average reader's standpoint. The only thing to do is to look out for a passing reference, and then, metaphorically speaking, level a revolver at the explorer's head, and insist that he delivers up that incident at once. Though an entirely different type of man, Mr. Moberly reminds me, in one respect, of Mr. Cambie, an equally well-known brother explorer—he is very particular as to topographical detail. It is true that he does not go so far as Mr. Cambie insisted upon doing whenever a question of distance arose, namely, measuring out with a rule on a map the exact distance that he covered from a certain place to a certain place and its relation to other places, in order that there might be no exaggeration, but he has insisted more than once upon drawing a map of a certain part of the country of which he has been speaking, in order that I should have a very lucid idea of the lay of the land, and be able the more clearly to explain it. He introduces into these sketches every little creek that he traversed, or bluff that he scaled—if it bears upon the matter in hand—and writes its name in a very small, clear hand, a surprisingly clear hand when one remembers that he is over eighty years of age and that he has lived the strenuous life in a greater degree than most men.

LITTLE SKETCH MAPS.

Such a little sketch map as I have indicated lies before me as I write, and it tells me at a glance—what I propose telling to you, in his words as far as possible, in a moment—the story of the discovery of Eagle Pass. This discovery was the most important made by Mr. Moberly during all his explorations in British Columbia more than half a century ago, and its value to the Canadian Pacific Railway is a matter of Canadian railway history. Through this pass, today, those wonderful iron horses rush almost daily, awakening with their booming sirens echoes from mountain and ravine

that had from time immemorial given back no echo save the cry of some wild animal or bird, or the dull reverberations of a storm. In order to tell this Eagle Pass story, it is necessary to skip several years from the Burrard Inlet explorations just described, and, as those years included such undertakings as the building of the famous Yale-Cariboo road, the driving of the Dewdney trail and other matters, we shall retrace our steps later.

ROUTE OF THE EXPLORATION: MT. MOODY.

It was in June, 1865, that Mr. Moberly, who had sat for a session in the Provincial Legislature as member for Cariboo West, having resigned his seat upon his appointment as Assistant Surveyor-General, resumed his explorations, and, six weeks after leaving New Westminster, discovered Eagle Pass. He left New Westminster with Mr. Albert Perry, one of his assistants, and accompanied also by two Indians, one of them, Victor, an interior Indian of whom he speaks very highly and who accompanied him upon other expeditions. This was his first exploration of British Columbia east of Kamloops. The party proceeded to Yale, thence to Kamloops, then by the South Thompson River, Little and Great Shuswap and Mara lakes and, after ascending the Eagle River a few miles, went to Seymour at the head of the North Arm of Great Shuswap Lake, and crossed thence over the Gold Range to the Columbia River, arriving on its banks at a point formerly known as Kerby's Landing, about two miles below the Dalles de Mort (Death Rapids).

EAGLE PASS SIGHTED.

Quickly constructing a log canoe, they ran down the Columbia River to Galena Bay, at the north end of the Upper Arrow Lake, then followed the Columbia to Skokulei Creek (Salmon's Rest), which falls into the Columbia River just north of the east end of Eagle Pass. Proceeding in a westerly direction over the Gold Range, Mr. Moberly climbed a high mountain—which he named Mt. Moody, after Col. Moody, afterwards Major-General, of the Royal Engineers—north of Three Valley and other neighboring small lakes, from the top of which he had a magnificent view of most of the valley of the Eagle River and Shuswap Lake. It was from the top of this mountain that he first saw the pass that he felt confident would prove of great importance in later development, and he determined that the name of his friend Colonel Moody should be associated with an important landmark near. The name of the pass itself is associated with one of the circumstances that actually led to its discovery. But of that more in a moment.

FRAGILE CANOES AND THEIR MENDING.

We will retrace our steps for a few minutes. The brief summary of this exploration has only occupied two paragraphs, but, as a matter of fact, the journey was full of incidents, most of which will have to be omitted here as there is so much to follow. Part of the journey was made by boat, part by canoe and part on foot, packing. Mr. Moberly had been speaking of a canoe accident and this led to the question as to the type of canoes the party used. "We travelled in two canoes made of spruce bark," he explained. "The Indians were expert at making these and they were very light, not weighing, at the outside, when empty, more than one hundred



Canoe with Indians at Port Revel near Charlotte's Island



Earliest picture extant of Government Street, Victoria, with
Hudson's Bay fort. Indians in canoe.

pounds, and easily portaged by one man. They were so lightly made that it was necessary to strew the bottom with cedar bark in case one's foot should accidentally go through. Of course this lightness had its disadvantages and holes were of frequent occurrence. When we landed we almost invariably stepped into the water in order that the canoe should not hit with any force against the rocks. However, this type of canoe was very easily made and very quickly repaired. We always carried gum, collected from a tree, and, as this was brittle, mixed some bacon grease with it. This, and some rag to paste over the hole, constituted our simple mending outfit."

WHERE DID RHODODENDRONS COME FROM?

Mr. Moberly recalled that the travelling on the Gold Range was first rate and through beautiful wooded country, the ground covered at that time of the year with a thick, soft grass which, he observed, was something like fur, and sprinkled everywhere at that season with flowers. This mention of flowers recalled another memory—though not of that expedition—when, somewhere not very far from Hope, he and a companion once lit upon a splendid clump of rhododendron bushes growing in a sheltered spot. "How those came there was a mystery to us," he observed, laughing, "as the rhododendron is not, as far as I know, a wild flower. My friend suggested that, perhaps, an eagle had captured a barndoor fowl that had been eating the seeds of the rhododendron and, carrying it off, made a meal of it at that particular spot, which was many miles away from any habitation. Anyway, it is astonishing how seeds of domestic plants get carried for thousands of miles sometimes."

IN DEATH NOT DIVIDED.

This mention of an eagle recalled another memory of an eagle, which has nothing to do with the particular exploration under consideration, but which, as the king of birds is closely associated with the pass that bears its name, may be introduced here. "I remember one day, not far from the Columbia, seeing a bald-headed eagle floating about very high up," observed Mr. Moberly, "and then suddenly it swooped down into the bush so rapidly that I hardly saw it go, almost like an arrow, and it rose into the air with a rabbit in its claws. About the same time I came across a very curious case in which another bald-headed eagle figured. This, too, was on the Columbia. We were on the river in a canoe when we saw an eagle floating down the stream, apparently dead. We made for it, out of curiosity, and found that it had its claws buried in a big salmon. In some way one claw had become entangled in the backbone. Both salmon and eagle were dead and had begun to decompose. They had been responsible for the death of each other and were floating round and round in an eddy."

"THE COMMITTEE'S PUNCH BOWL."

Since writing the paragraph about those rhododendrons it has occurred to me that Mr. Moberly fixed their location near the Committee's Punch Bowl. The location does not seriously matter, but the Committee's Punch Bowl is worth a passing reference. "Devil's Punch Bowls" are fairly common, but how did this place get the singular name of the Committee's Punch Bowl? was a natural question. "It used to be a great camping

ground of the Northwesters," was Mr. Moberly's reply, "and it was there that they brought the horses over. I remember that there were dozens of trees there blazed with the names of various traders—some of them very well known—and the date of their going through. It lies between Mt. Brown and Mt. Hooker going up from the Boat Encampment where the boats used to go to meet the horses. The boats used to go up the Columbia from Fort Colville to the Boat Encampment and there take aboard the horses that had been brought over from the prairie country. At this Committee's Punch Bowl there was a sort of pond about a quarter of an acre in extent. The water of that pond looked very dark. The Northwesters used to be in the habit of carrying with them a good supply of rum, and at this particular spot they would indulge in some pretty deep draughts—hence the name."

"IT WAS THE EAGLES."

Returning to the discovery of the Eagle Pass, I asked Mr. Moberly what it was that gave him the impression that there might be an opening through the mountains there, as the natural conformation of the country does not suggest such a pass. "It was the eagles," he replied. "I watched them as they flew up the Columbia and I saw them make a big bend off. I knew that eagles always follow along a stream or make for an opening in the mountains, and I just followed the direction they took, with the result that I discovered and, I think, very appropriately named Eagle Pass."

From the top of Mt. Moody, Mr. Moberly not only saw Eagle Pass but he saw also the valley of the Illecillewaet (Rapid Water) River extending far into the Selkirk Range in the direction in which he wished to obtain a practicable route into the valley of the Columbia River in the vicinity of the western ends of the Howse and Kicking Horse Passes through the Rocky Mountains. He descended the western side of this steep mountain and reached the bottom of the Eagle River Valley, near Craigellachie, where Lord Strathcona (then Sir Donald A. Smith) about twenty years later drove the last spike to complete the Canadian Pacific Railway—an incident which will be described later by Mr. Cambie.

"THIS IS THE ROUTE FOR THE OVERLAND RAILWAY."

At this point Mr. Moberly blazed a tree and wrote upon it with chalk, red or blue—he forgets which—these words: "This is the route for the Overland Railway." He returned by the Eagle Pass into the Columbia Valley at the Big Eddy and posted a notice reserving all the land in that immediate neighborhood for the Crown. He had thus passed back and forth through this vital opening in the mountains, provided, as though by a far-seeing providence, for the express purpose of letting through the bands of steel that were to guide so many thousands of trains with their human and commercial freight safely to this great western terminus.

It was now the fall and getting chilly, but Mr. Moberly, Mr. Perry and the Indians proceeded to force their way up the valley of the Illecillewaet River, heavy rain falling during much of the time. They followed the North Fork to its source, where high mountains blocked the way, and intended to cross the Selkirks from the headwaters of the southeasterly branch—now known as Rogers Pass—but as the winter was close at hand

and the Indians could not be induced to proceed, Mr. Moberly was compelled to give up further explorations that year. Thus he left only about thirty miles of the whole line unexplored from the coast to the west end of Howse Pass. All this had been accomplished in less than five months.

EXCITING RIVER EPISODE.

During the latter part of their expedition and while in the valley of the Illecillewaet, the party came across very many bear tracks and frequently saw black bear. "But they always used to make away and it was not easy to get them," observed the explorer. "However, I shot and captured one in the Columbia River under rather curious circumstances," he added with a laugh. "We had pulled the canoe ashore and were getting lunch on a bar when one of the Indians called that there was a deer making across the river some distance down. My rifle was not loaded at the moment and I had nothing but my revolver. One of the Indians and myself boarded the canoe and pushed off into the stream at once in pursuit. As we approached the animal in the water we saw that it was a black bear. The current was swift and we saw that there might be difficulty in getting our quarry, but we were seriously short of provisions and this fresh meat would be a god-send if we could get it. We drew level and the bear turned and snapped savagely at the canoe several times and tried to jab the bow with his paw. I leaned forward and, placing my revolver as near as I could behind his ear, fired and killed the animal. But the current was swift and it looked as if, after all, we should lose him. The Indian steadied the canoe as much as he could and I leaned over, risking the possibility of overturning, and managed to grab the bear by his hind leg before he was swept away from us. We came across a great pile of drift and were rushed round it, but I hung on for all I was worth, realizing that I had hold of quite a number of good meals. Finally we drifted upon a bar and there we cut up, dried and smoked our capture. We dried him in the sun, smoked him black and got out the bear's grease."

THE GRIZZLY BEAR ADVENTURE.

"And now for that grizzly incident, Mr. Moberly," I suggested, "and then you shall be released from this inquisition for a while." "We were high up above the valley of the Illecillewaet when we killed him, somewhere near the snow line," replied the veteran. "He was a splendid silver-tip grizzly." (Mr. Moberly's eyes brightened at the recollection and, as he related the incident, it was clear that he lived it over again, that, in fact, he had almost forgotten, for the moment, where he was and found himself in memory once again up that mountain side above the Illecillewaet Valley.) "We sighted him early one morning away up a stream that was coming from a glacier, and we sneaked up under cover of the chapparele." (I queried the meaning of that word, which the narrator had used once or twice before, and he said that he first heard it used among the Tierra-del-Fuegians and it meant low brush.) "The moment he smelt us he started up the mountain side. We jumped out of cover and climbed a little fourteen or fifteen-foot bluff, and Perry fired and hit the grizzly. At once he turned, enraged, and rushed down the mountain upon us. I have shot many bears of all kinds and have seen many shot, but none of these bear incidents stands out in my memory like this one, the grizzly looked such a

magnificent sight as he approached and quickly raised himself, fully twelve feet high, upon his hind legs, furious. Seen under those circumstances a grizzly is almost an awe-inspiring spectacle. Another shot broke his back and paralyzed his hind legs, but, even then, as he lay on the ground, he showed fight. I went near him and, one after another, fired all the bullets from my heavy military revolver—one which I had when I was in what were known as Denison's Dragoons in Toronto—against his head, but not one entered that tough skull—they all glanced off.

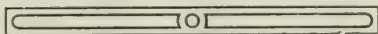
MOUNTING THE HEAD: AN ORIGINAL CEREMONY.

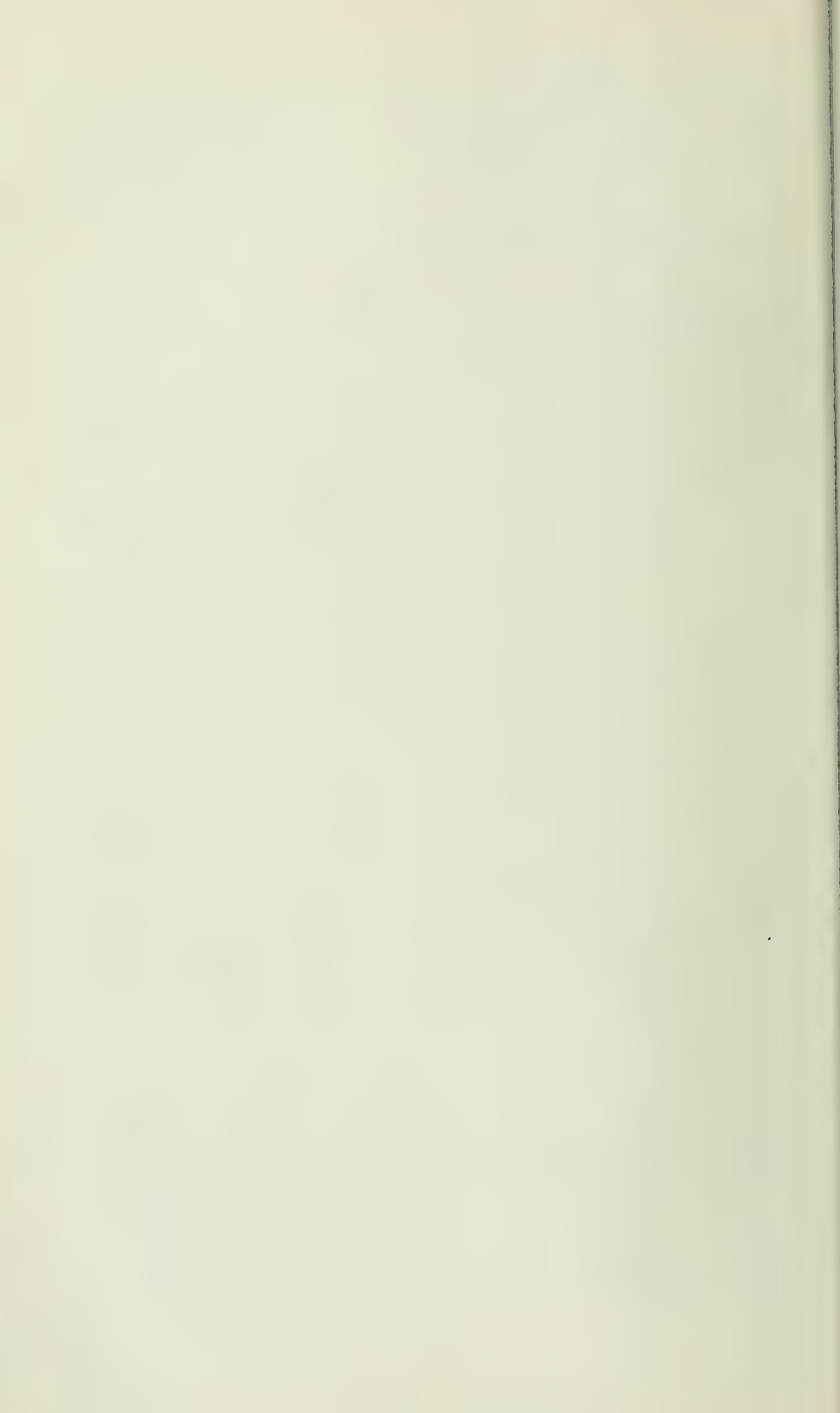
"When the grizzly was dead, I discussed the possibility of taking the head and skin with us and preserving them, but the Indians were very opposed to this, saying that we should have no luck hunting if we did, and I realized also that it would be by no means an easy task, as the country was rough and trailless and the winter was approaching. So, regretfully, I gave up the idea. Thereupon the Indians tore pieces of red flannel from their shirts and decorated the head, having first cut it from the body. Then Victor climbed a fairly stout spruce tree, some fifty or sixty feet in height, cut the extreme top off, descended for the head and, with much difficulty, fixed it upon the top. He then cut all the branches off as he descended and scooped the bark off to prevent the raccoons getting at the head."

"OVER FIFTY YEARS AGO."

It was with difficulty that Mr. Moberly was persuaded to tell this incident in any detail—like Mr. Dewdney and others of these early path-finders and hunters—and like some who are path-finders and hunters today—he has taken the adventurous side of life in the wilds very much as a matter of course—he leaves the tall stories to the amateur hunters and anglers. I am glad, however, to have been able to record this one. To those of you who have read these lines and have been "mighty hunters before the Lord" yourselves, it will constitute a vivid mental picture and even with those of us who know parts of the wilds chiefly by reason of what one may term amateur hunting expeditions—in contradistinction to hunting expeditions where a man is largely dependent upon his gun for his next meal—it should make the blood course faster.

"I wonder if that spruce tree with the grizzly's head atop still stands," soliloquized the old explorer, more to himself than to me, as he rose to go. "It is probable that no one has been there since. But you say it was an exposed spot," I hazarded. "Yes, yes," he agreed, smiling a trifle sadly, "and that was over fifty years ago."





BUILDING THE CARIBOO ROAD.



THE CARIBOO ROAD! There is a magic, a thrill of adventure in the name, a suggestion of—well, of the caribou themselves. And it is good, indeed, to know that these fine wild animals are still by no means rare in the country through which the present road passes, and also that much of that wonderful old road itself is still useable. Only the other day a pioneer here, who was up there last fall, was telling me that he sighted a caribou on the road then. The meeting was brief, my friend was unarmed, and the caribou, which, curiously enough, did not seem particularly startled, disappeared very quickly.

THE CARIBOO ROAD! The epic of the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway through the defiles and canyons of this wild province has yet to be written, though Pauline Johnson in her "Prairie Greyhounds" has sung with a rhythm and a happiness of expression (which seems somehow to suggest the swing and the power that mark their progress) of those wonderful trains that are the counterpart on land of those "swift shuttles of an Empire's loom that weave us shore to shore" on sea.

EPIC OF THE CARIBOO ROAD.

There is another epic, too, that will have to be written—the epic of the Cariboo Road. And though the epic of the building through of the bands of steel that connect ocean with ocean will be full of the atmosphere of wonder and work—and weariness, too, sometimes—that poem which shall tell of the making of the first great highway through the wilds of British Columbia, of the greatest piece of road-building that Canada has ever seen, of one of the most able pieces of road-building through some of its fastnesses that the world has seen, yes, of the forging of the Cariboo Road, will be even more instinct with romance and the gospel of the strenuous life, for the making of that road marked what was really—though much had been done before—the vital beginnings of the development of this province.

WHAT THE MAORIS THOUGHT.

The conquest of any new country may be read in the history of its roads. That sentiment has probably found expression before. Such conquest may have been warlike or peaceful, but the roads that went with it are the sign manual that it has been thorough. I read in one of G. A. Henty's books the other day that the Marois of New Zealand—among the most intelligent of the native races still surviving—with the advent of the first settlers to their country became partially educated and learned that the Romans had conquered the various wild parts of their colonial Empire largely by means of the splendid roads they drove through those countries as they conquered them. The Maoris, failing to realize the inevitability of the British conquest of New Zealand, dimly realized that this road conquest

was a vital part of the settling up of the country and opposed it for all they were worth—opposed such road building so strongly, indeed, that the shedding of much blood marked certain stages of the, in the main, peaceful conquest of New Zealand. The conquest of British Columbia has been peaceful, but nature has placed obstacles in the way, the removal of which in order to make access comparatively easy, has cost millions of dollars and untold labor—aye, and many lives, also.

GREAT ACHIEVEMENT—SMALL POPULATION.

THE CARIBOO ROAD! It is a theme upon which any writer with even an apology for an imagination could rhapsodise for a long time. What morals could be drawn from it, too. It is impossible for those who do not know the wild and rugged country through which the road passes to realize the stupendous nature of the task which the builders set themselves, or for those who have not known the road itself in years that are past or have not studied the road of today with an eye to what it owes to that first road to realize the labor and the skill that went to its making. But those men who actually built that wonderful road did not rhapsodise about it—they made it. They made it at a cost of about \$1,000,000. And it was nearly 500 miles in length from Yale to Barkerville. And you could have placed the whole population of the province of that day in the New Westminster of today. The population was well under 35,000.

Just pause for a moment and think of the pluck of Sir James Douglas, Colonel Moody of the Royal Engineers—let it not be forgotten that the sappers and miners of that splendid body to whom B. C. owes so much built the first eight miles of that road—and the other men associated with the inception and building of the road.

THE OLD BRIGADE.

The expense alone, when it is remembered that the population of the province was small, was a tremendous item and much of the money had to be borrowed. But the work was done and quite a percentage of it has lasted to this day, half a century afterwards. There were few who made much money out of the undertaking and one at least, Mr. Moberly, finished "broke" and with heavy liabilities. There are a few men associated with much money out of the undertaking and one at least, Mr. Moberly, who the building of that Cariboo Road still living and of these Mr. Walter Moberly is the most notable. He is a veteran of over four-score, white-haired and—well, not feeling so young as he once did. It is not easy for us young fellows to picture him to ourselves as he looked in his prime, but he must have been, like Mr. Cambie and Mr. Dewdney and Mr. John McLennan and a few others of the stalwart old brigade, a stalwart man and a man of his hands as well as of his head. Let us, then, take off our hats to the Men of the Old Brigade.

PROJECTING THE ROAD.

Here is the story, in Mr. Moberly's own words, of the building of this historic road:

"It was in the years 1860-61 that the existence of a very extensive and extremely rich auriferous portion of the Crown Colony was discovered to be situated in the part of it now generally known as the Cariboo section of the



THE OLD BRIGADE.

Last of the Royal Engineers. First row: Sir Richard McBride, Judge F. W. Howay, W. H. Keary, Henry Bruce, John Cox.
 Second row: George Turner, Allen Cummings, William Hayes, Robert Butler, Samuel Archer.
 Third row: Philip Jackman, L. F. Bonson, Col. R. Wolfenden, Thomas Argyle. Seated: William Hall, Mrs. James Keary.

country, and I decided, for the time being, to defer my further explorations for a transcontinental railway and devote myself to the undertaking of constructing a great arterial highway through the central portion of the colony, that would open up and develop its resources in the most effective and substantial manner.

"My various explorations heretofore made, through the different sections of the colony I had visited, had convinced me that the best route to adopt for the great wagon road I projected was by the valleys of the Fraser and Thomson rivers, although the formidable canyons along the valleys of those rivers presented natural obstructions that, for a country having a very small revenue, were most uninviting and appeared to be almost insurmountable. From careful observations I also felt confident that the great mineral region of the country would be in the belt immediately west of the Rocky Mountains. I was also satisfied that it was by the valleys of the Fraser and Thomson rivers that the mountain section of Canada's first and greatest transcontinental railway should reach the coast.

SIR JAMES CONSIDERED DIFFICULTIES TOO FORMIDABLE.

"Ever since the arrival of the corps of Royal Engineers, under the command of the late Major-General Richard Clement Moody, sent out by the Imperial Government in the year 1858 to maintain law and order, and to generally supervise and control all such measures and works needed to establish the colony on a firm and lasting basis. I had been on the most intimate terms with Colonel Moody. I had fully explained to him my views regarding the construction of a Canadian transcontinental railway, and also my belief that the great wagon road to develop the colony should be built through the canyons of the Fraser River, etc. I also had many conversations with the late Sir James Douglas, who was the first governor of the mainland of British Columbia, but Sir James considered the physical difficulties presented by the canyons of the Fraser and Thompson rivers of too formidable a nature, and for that reason he had caused to be undertaken the construction of a wagon road over the different portages between Lake Harrison and the present town of Lillooet, on the Fraser River. This route was a broken land and water one that necessitated much handling of the freight passing over it, and was not at all likely to be able to accommodate and meet the coming needs and prospective commercial demands of the country.

"The rich discoveries of gold in Cariboo afforded me the opportunity of pushing forward my project of building the great arterial highway by the valleys of the Fraser and Thompson rivers. I saw Colonel Moody and we proceeded together to make a careful examination of the canyons, and before we parted he was convinced as myself that it was the route to adopt for the highway. We arranged to meet the following winter in Victoria and press our views on Governor Douglas.

GOLD EXCITEMENT—OTHER PLANS FOR WAGON ROADS.

"The discoveries of gold induced prominent citizens of Victoria to combine in the endeavor to get roads constructed from the heads of Bute Inlet and Bentinck Arm direct to Quesnelle mouth, in order to draw the trade of the Cariboo districts away from the Fraser River route and centre it in Victoria. These projects I opposed and then commenced the long struggle between the people of Victoria and those of the mainland to capture the trade of the Cariboo districts.

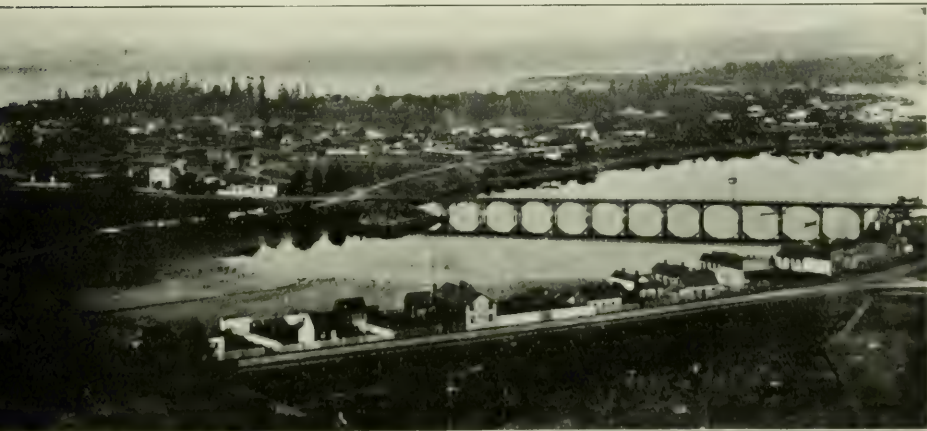


Old view of Victoria overlooking harbor.

“When I arrived in Victoria in the early part of the year 1862, I found that Colonel Moody had preceded me, and that all the people of that city were much excited about the gold fields of Cariboo, and the projected roads from Bute Inlet and Bentinck Arm, and that Governor Douglas was greatly in favor of subsidizing a wagon road, projected by the late Mr. Alfred Waddington, from the head of Bute Inlet to Quesnelle mouth, and that the Governor was also about to grant a charter to Mr. Gustavus Blinn Wright to construct a toll road, assisted by a subsidy from the government, from Lillooet to Fort Alexandra, from where Mr. Wright proposed to continue the connection on to Quesnelle mouth by means of a sternwheel steamer he was about to build for that purpose.

THE GOVERNOR CONVINCED.

“My project for building the Yale-Cariboo wagon road looked very unpromising. I saw both Mr. Waddington and Mr. Green, the latter



Old view of Victoria showing James Bay—since filled in.

gentleman being at the head of the project of getting a road from Bentinck Arm, whilst Mr. Waddington, as before mentioned, was at the head of the Bute Inlet project. I proposed to them that they should abandon their projects, and all of us combine and get a charter for a toll road to be constructed over the Yale-Cariboo route. They were too sanguine of their prospects to entertain my proposition, and, as they considered my proposed undertaking of getting a wagon road built through the canyons of the Fraser River, etc., impracticable, they declined my proposition.

"After Colonel Moody and myself had had several interviews with Governor Douglas we managed to convince him that the Yale-Cariboo route was the best to adopt for the general development of the country, and that it was imperative that its construction should be undertaken at once.

OPPENHEIMER, MOBERLY AND LEWIS.

"At this time I met Mr. Charles Oppenheimer, who was at that time at the head of the great mercantile firm of Oppenheimer Bros., having their



Sir Joseph William Trutch (afterwards first Governor of British Columbia) was in charge of the construction of the Cariboo Road from Chapman's Bar to Boston Bar.

establishments at Yale and Lytton, where they carried on a very large and lucrative business. Mr. Oppenheimer and a friend of his, Mr. T. B. Lewis, proposed to join with me in obtaining a charter for the building of this wagon road, provided we could obtain the right to collect very remunerative tolls for a series of years and a large money subsidy from the government to assist in defraying the cost of its construction.

"We, therefore, entered into an agreement for that purpose under the firm name of Oppenheimer, Moberly & Lewis, and Mr. Oppenheimer withdrew from his firm in order to devote his whole attention to the work we proposed to undertake, and shortly afterwards, on the Governor's granting us the charter, which empowered us to collect very remunerative tolls and also to be paid a large cash subsidy as the work of construction progressed, we proceeded to the mainland to commence the work. Governor Douglas at that time fully expected to obtain a large loan from the Imperial Government, for which he had applied.

PLAN OF CAMPAIGN—NOTABLE PIONEERS.

"The manner in which the different sections of this road were to be constructed was as follows:

Captain G. M. Grant, with a force of sappers and miners, together with a large force of civilian labor, was to construct the section extending from Yale to Chapman's Bar.

The late Sir Joseph Wm. Trutch was, by contract, to construct the section from Chapman's Bar to Boston Bar.

The late Mr. Thomas Spence was to construct the section from Boston Bar to Lytton.

The firm of Oppenheimer, Moberly & Lewis was to construct the section from Lytton until the road formed a junction with the wagon road to be built by Mr. G. B. Wright from Lytton to Fort Alexandria.

ADVANCED MONEY, FOOD AND CLOTHES.

"My department in this undertaking was to locate the road and supervise its construction. Mr. Lewis was to keep the books and accounts, and Mr. Oppenheimer was to look after the purchasing and forwarding of the supplies and the finances. When we arrived at Yale a large number of men seeking employment on our work could not get beyond that point, as they were without money, food, clothing and boots, and as they had to walk from Yale to Lytton along the pack trail we were obliged to make them advances of all those articles. I had already paid the fares of a large number of men from New Westminster to Yale, which cost me between \$2,000 and \$3,000. Mr. Oppenheimer had arranged before he left Victoria to have large quantities of supplies and tools forwarded to Yale, and I also sent a quantity of the same things that I had on hand to the same place.

FIFTY-FIVE CENTS A POUND TO CONVEY SUPPLIES.

"We now began to experience our first difficulties, as the pack trail between Yale and Lytton was only partially completed, which necessitated all freight between those places being conveyed partly by water through the dangerous canyons and partly by pack trains, which caused very heavy transportation charges and losses of supplies. Some idea may be formed of the cost of transportation in those days when, in many instances, it cost as much as fifty-five cents a pound to convey our supplies from Yale to Lytton. There were not enough boats on the river to meet the demands for transportation, and the number of pack animals was altogether inadequate, as the greater number of those engaged in packing were employed in the very lucrative business of conveying freight through to Cariboo, and, therefore, did not find it so profitable to convey it for us over a comparatively short distance to our works. We had to employ large numbers of Indians to pack supplies on their backs and the high prices they charged enriched them. When Mr. Lewis and myself travelled from Yale to Lytton we were compelled to walk, as we were unable to get saddle animals. This journey we accomplished in two days, but owing to the extremely rough trail, our feet were blistered and very sore.

FIRST EMPLOYMENT OF CHINESE.

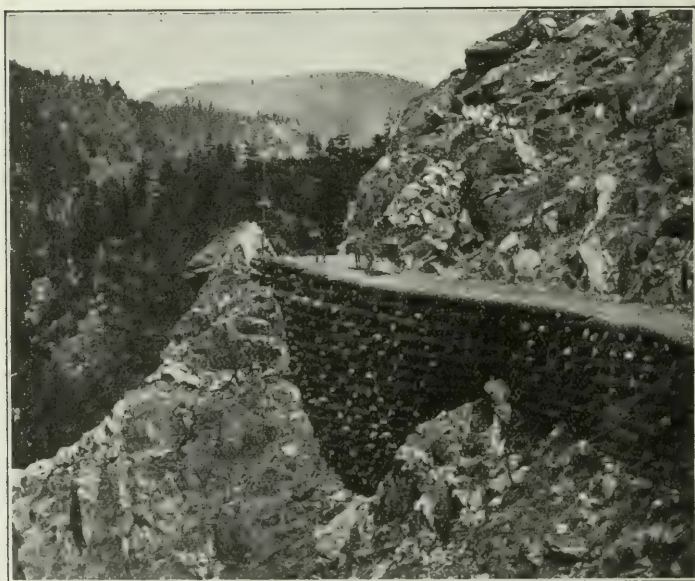
"At Lytton I made my headquarters in the court house, which Captain H. M. Ball, who was the gold commissioner, sheriff, etc., of the district,

very kindly placed at my disposal. I now established my first road camp a short distance out of Lytton, and as the men arrived I set them at work. A few days afterwards I established another camp at Nicomin, a small stream about twelve miles above Cook's ferry, which was a short distance below where Spence's bridge was afterwards built.

"By this time the work was going on at a great rate, but as I could not get a sufficient number of white men I was obliged to let a contract for the construction of the road from a "slide" a short distance above Nicomin to Cook's ferry to a body of Chinese, with the exceptoin of that portion around a rock bluff below Cook's ferry.

A CONTEMPTABLE PROCEEDING.

"I had now been at work some time, and by the terms of our charter there was a large amount of money overdue and but a very small sum had



Portion of Cariboo Road, giving fine idea of the system of cribbing.

been paid by the government, which hampered me very much in carrying on the work in the most efficient manner, and necessarily caused heavy and unlooked for expenses being incurred. By borrowing considerable sums of money on my personal credit I managed to keep the work going on, and, at the end of the third month after the charter was signed, paid all the men their wages in full. As soon as I had paid these wages, a very large number of the men, entirely disregarding the terms of their contract with me to work for the whole season, and nearly all of them indebted for clothes and other necessities I had furnished them with when they were in a destitute condition, left the work, and I lost the value of what I had advanced them.

"This contemptible proceeding on the part of these men, which was brought about by the reports of fabulously rich deposits of gold having been discovered on Antler and other creeks in Cariboo, reduced the force of men needed to ensure the prosecution of the work in accordance with our contract with the government, and compelled me to employ, much against my wishes, a large force of Chinese laborers. It will thus be seen that the bad faith and unscrupulous conduct of the white laborers was the cause of the employment of Chinese labor in constructing the Cariboo wagon road. All the other contractors on this road experienced the same treatment from their white laborers that befell me.

THE CHINESE AND THE PIGS.

"I found all the Chinese employed worked most industriously and faithfully and gave no trouble. I may here mention an amusing incident that occurred in connection with these Chinese. One day when I was on my way from Cook's ferry to Lytton I stopped at the large Chinese camp, when they told me they were anxious to celebrate some festival, and asked me to try and get them some live pigs when I was in Lytton. I found that the only pigs that had been brought so far into the interior were two small animals owned by a man who was mining on the opposite side of the Fraser River. He asked an exorbitant price—if I remember correctly it was \$200 each—so I did not buy them, and on my return to the Chinese camp told them the reason why. They were bound to have the pigs at any cost. I gave them an order to get the pigs, and as I was so pleased with the way they did their work, at the same time I gave them an order to get, at my expense, two kegs of the fiery whisky they drink, which cost me as much as the pigs cost them.

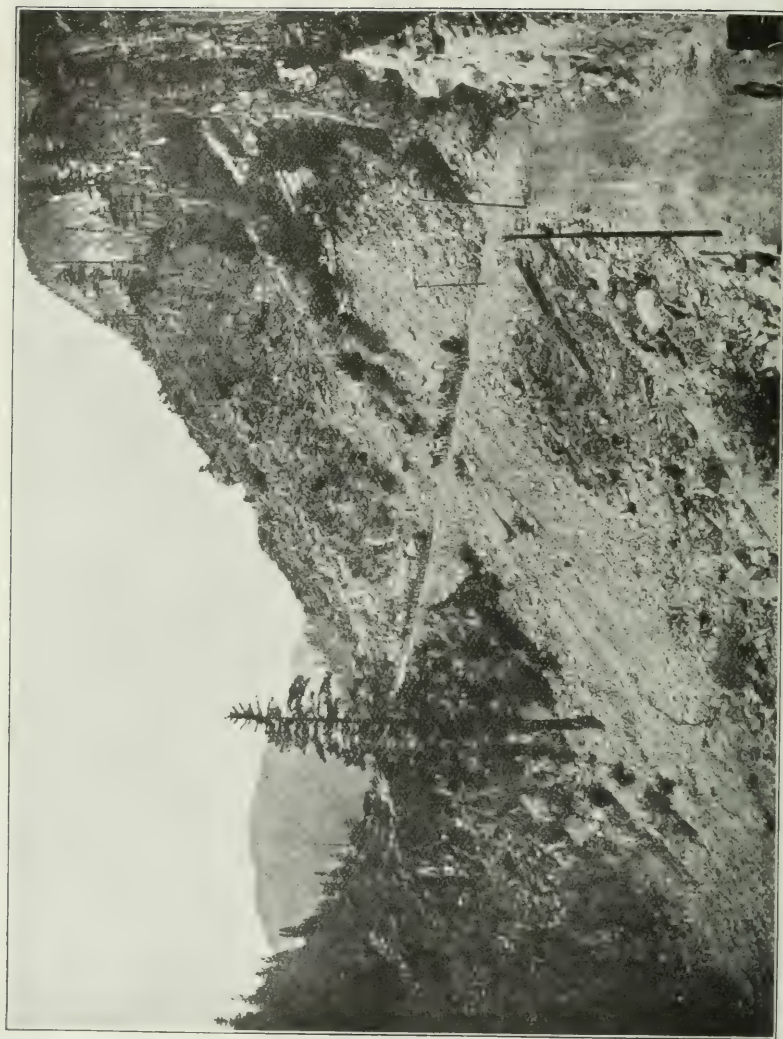
"On the day they had the celebration I went to their camp and was at once surrounded by the Chinamen, who provided me with a meal in which roast pork was the principal dish, which I enjoyed, but, on the other hand, I had to take many drinks of the abominable whisky which, in tin cups, they held all around and pressed upon me, and would take no refusal.

MR. MOBERLY BUYS OUT MR. LEWIS.

"Time passed on and unpaid for work continued to be done, when at last Mr. Oppenheimer returned. He had succeeded in getting a considerable sum of money from the government, but nothing like what should have been paid. Mr. Lewis got discouraged and disgusted, and was of the opinion that we could not depend upon the government, and wished to stop the works. I, therefore, bought out Mr. Lewis's interest in the charter. It was arranged between Mr. Oppenheimer and myself that he should at once return to Victoria and endeavor to get some more money from the government, and that I should put matters in as satisfactory a shape as possible with the money he had brought, and then be guided by circumstances as to my future proceedings.

AN EXPLORATION.

"I had now got large camps of men at Nicomen, and at a point between that place and Cook's ferry, another established a few miles above Cook's ferry, and one near Ashcroft Creek, and as it was imperative that it should be decided where the Yale-Cariboo road should be located in order to



View along the Cariboo Road.

form a junction with the wagon road then in course of construction from Lillooet over Pavilion Mountain, I took a splendid horse I had, a blanket and what provisions I could cram into my saddle bags, and started alone to explore through Maiden Creek Valley to where the town of Clinton is now built, and also the valley of the Bonaparte River to the Second Crossing, which was so named because the old pack trail to Cariboo, over the Loon Lake Mountain, crossed the Bonaparte River the second time at that point.

"I proceeded from Clinton by way of a small stream that falls into the Bonaparte, and thence passing along the foot of Castle Mountain, which was so named from its resemblance to a vast feudal castle of the Middle Ages, I finally reached the Second Crossing of the Bonaparte, where I fully expected to recruit for a day at the wayside house that in the early days had been built there.

SUPPER OF ONIONS AND MISERABLE NIGHT.

"The weather for the last few days during my journey had been very rainy, the mosquitoes and horse flies in swarms, and sleeping, or rather trying to sleep, on the wet ground, made matters exceedingly unpleasant, and as I had only my horse for a companion I felt very lonely. My provisions were all gone and as I was very hungry I was anticipating how much I would enjoy a good meal of bacon and beans and some hot coffee, and, possibly, bread. I was woefully disappointed, for when I arrived at the Second Crossing I found that the house and other buildings had been burned down and the place was completely deserted. Finding a few half-grown onions in what had been a garden, I devoured them, and then, building a good fire, I dozed through a miserable night, very much pestered by mosquitoes and drenched with rain.

"A short examination of the topographical features of the surrounding country convinced me that the better route to adopt for the wagon road would be the valley of Maiden Creek, and that the junction of the Yale-Cariboo wagon road with the road being built from Lillooet over the Pavilion Mountain should be where it is, at Clinton.

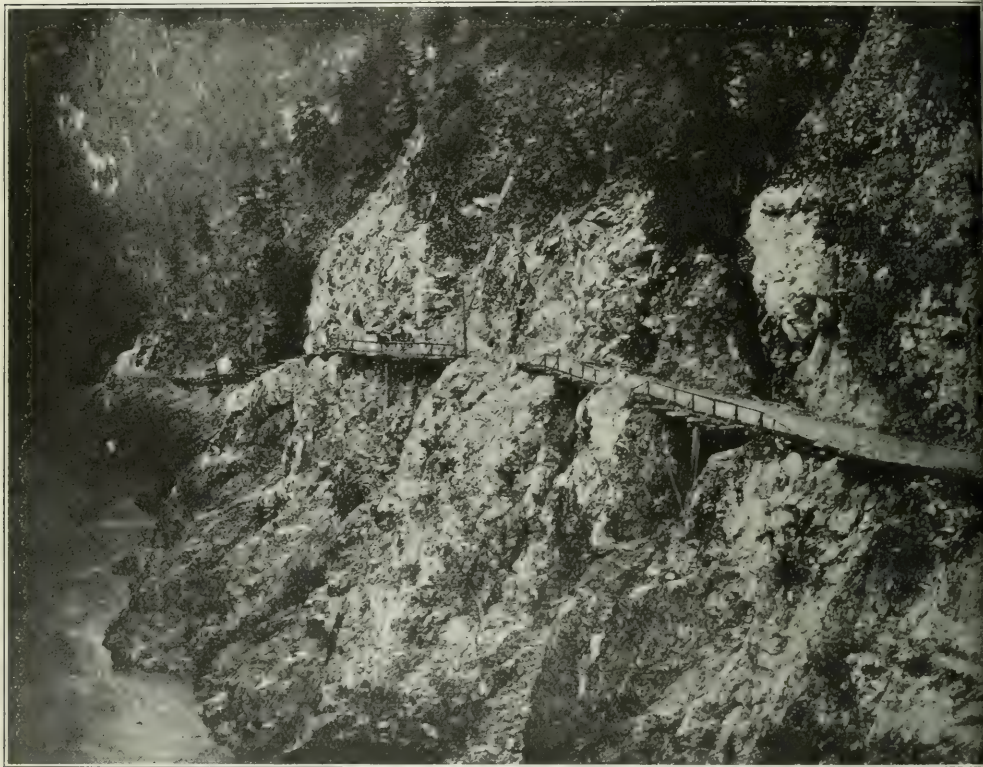
"HELLO, MOBERLY, IS THAT YOU?"

"Having accomplished the object of my explorations I decided to return by the trail over the Loon Lake Mountain, as I had learned from different packers that there was an abundance of good grass around Loon Lake, which is situated on a plateau near the top of the mountain. I, therefore, ascended the steep mountain by an execrable trail through the woods, and, as the heavy rains had made the trail a ditch, full of stones and boulders, and the flies being indefatigable in their persecutions, travelling up this mountain was most unpleasant. After weary hours I at last emerged out of the forest, and came on a prairie covered with green grass, when, just as I was about to unsaddle my horse to let him have a good feed, I espied a column of smoke at the far end of the prairie, and soon made out a large train of pack animals and packers that were encamped there. I instantly remounted and cantered joyfully for the fire, and, on approaching it, was hailed by a well-known voice with the words: "Hello, Moberly, is that you?" to which I answered: "Yes, Mac, have you got anything to eat in your camp?" The answer came back at once, "Yes, and plenty to drink,

too; come on, old man, and regale yourself. What the devil brings you here?" My friend was the late Captain Allan Macdonald. He was the son of one of the former prominent officers of the Hon. Hudson's Bay Company, and was born at Fort Colville.

CAPTAIN ALLAN MACDONALD.

"I had a very sumptuous meal of the staple food of the country—bacon and beans—and an unlimited supply of the grand old creamy Hudson's



View along the Cariboo Road.

Bay rum. I had made Mr. Macdonald's acquaintance on the steamer Panama, in 1858, when I was on my way from San Francisco to Victoria. The next time I met Captain Macdonald was many years afterwards, when he was stationed at Fort Osborne, in Winnipeg, with the military force under the command of the late Colonel Osborne Smith, and the last time I saw him was some years ago, when on his way back to the Narrows of Lake Manitoba, where, as Indian agent of that district, he resided.

"I remained over the day at this place, and, as the afternoon was fine, we found that the small stream which flows out of Loon Lake abounded with brook trout, so we improvised a sort of drag net out of an old horse blanket and managed to catch a plentiful supply of large trout, upon which we feasted.

"The following day I resumed my journey along the trail, which has a very steep descent, on the southwesterly side of the mountain, to the First Crossing of the Bonaparte River. At this point there was a small log hut very extensively known through the colony at that period at 'Scotty's,' the owner of it being a rather quaint Orkneyman, who kept a few cows and was supposed to furnish meals to travellers. I here met one of my packers, whom I had instructed to be at this point in order that I could tell him where I proposed to establish another large camp of workmen to push forward the construction of the road along the valley of the Bonaparte, etc.

REMARKABLE AND EXPENSIVE MEAL.

"Being very hungry I requested 'Scotty' to provide us with a meal, whereupon he produced a frying-pan full of stale flap-jacks and a can of milk. Each flap-jack was about three inches in diameter and half an inch in thickness. Having demolished as many of the unsavory cakes as were necessary to appease our hunger, and drunk several cups of milk, I asked "Scotty" what I had to pay, when he demanded fifty cents for each cake and fifty cents for each cup of milk. This exorbitant charge so enraged my packer, who talked in such forcible language to "Scotty," that I had great difficulty in preventing a personal encounter between them. We left this miserable hut as soon as possible, my packer vowing that he would get even with "Scotty" some day.

LEGEND TOLD BY THE GOVERNOR.

"In one of Sir James Douglas' trip in the interior of the colony I had the pleasure of accompanying him, when he told me of the origin of some of the names of different places in the colony, and the following is the Indian legend he related regarding Maiden Creek, through the valley of which I had decided the wagon road should go:

"At some time in the misty past there lived at the mouth of Maiden Creek a very beautiful Indian girl, who had a lover living at Cache Creek, to whom she was engaged to be married. The lover proved false and married another woman, which so distracted the poor girl that she died of a broken heart, and was buried near the mouth of Maiden Creek, and out of her breasts grew the two rounded hillocks that are to be seen at that place and which resemble a woman's breasts."

A DREAD SCOURGE.

"It was in the year 1862 that the smallpox swept away great numbers of the Coast Indians and had been, during the summer, gradually extending its ravages into the interior of the colony. A few days before I left my camp at Nicomin to make the long exploratory trip before mentioned, as I was standing at my tent, which was on the opposite side of that little stream to where the large camp of my employees was situated, and who were just on the point of sitting down to supper, I noticed an Indian leading a horse on which another Indian was seated, who had a veil over his face. After crossing the stream they were evidently intending to camp about fifty feet from my tent. I walked over to the Indians, and, being suspicious that something was wrong, lifted the veil from the face of the Indian wearing it and saw that the poor fellow was badly smitten with the smallpox. I

instantly told them that they could not stay there in the vicinity of my men and that they must return to Lytton where the government had a doctor appointed to vaccinate the Indians. They told me they were without money and had not any food, so I went to my store tent and filled a large sack with provisions, which I gave them, together with a letter to the doctor to have them properly attended to, and then compelled them to go. When I was on my way to Bonaparte River I learnt from the man in charge of Cook's ferry that these two Indians, instead of returning to Lytton, had come to his house and gone on to the mouth of the Nicola River, at which place there was an Indian village, from which I had procured a number of Indians with their little horses to pack supplies between the camps above Cook's ferry.

"These Indians camped in a little bay on the Thompson River, about a mile below my largest camp. On my way down from Ashcroft Creek to this camp, which I did not reach until some hours after dark, I heard the dismal wailing of Indian women on the mountain side above the trail I rode along, which was a certain indication of death having visited their community. On arriving at the camp I learnt that none of the Indians from the little bay had been up for several days, and it was supposed the smallpox had reached their encampment.

PUTREFYING BODIES OF INDIANS—A CAMP OF DEATH.

"The next day I proceeded on my way to Nicomen, and, as I rode along the mountain side, I saw several Indian horses grazing on the "bunch grass" that then grew in profusion in the valley of the Thompson River, and in the little bay below me the tents of the Indians, but I saw no signs of human life about the tents. I therefore dismounted and went to the tents, where I discovered the horrible sight of the putrefying bodies of the Indians, some in the tents and others among the rocks that lined the river bank, through which they had evidently tried to drag themselves to the river to assuage their burning thirst, or to plunge into the river. All the Indians in that encampment had been dead several days.

"I now proceeded to the ferry and went to the Indian village at the mouth of the Nicola River, where the same melancholy and disgusting sight was met that a few hours before I had seen at the little bay on the Thompson River, for all the Indians were dead. I hurried on to my camp at Nicomin, fearing that the smallpox had broken out among my men, but was greatly relieved to find that such was not the case.

MEN CLAMOROUS FOR WAGES.

"During my absence very good progress had been made in the work of construction, but, as I received no news from either Victoria or New Westminster, and as my men were getting clamorous for their wages, I demanded certificates from the government official who was in charge of the supervision of the work, which he declined to give, and, on my pressing him for them to enable me to draw the money now overdue, and telling him that if he would not grant them, I should be compelled to stop the works, he showed me a written order he had received from headquarters instructing him on no account to grant certificates until further orders.

"This peculiar order appeared to me to be tantamount to an effort on the part of the government to force me into such a position that the government could claim that the charter was forfeited, and enable them to take immediate possession of the road. I afterwards found out that it was owing to the Imperial Government refusing to grant the loan to the colony that Governor Douglas had applied for, and the government had not any money to pay the amounts that any certificates it granted would call for.



"Cariboo Cameron," a noted character of the Cariboo gold excitement days. He struck it rich, but subsequently lost all his money in the east and came back to British Columbia in his old age, a poor man. His wife was one of the few white women at the gold diggings, and when she died he made a remarkable journey out of the Cariboo, dragging her body on a sleigh. Mr. Cambie has a dramatic memory of Cameron, of how once when travelling on a steamer on Shuswap Lake, the language becoming profane and the company rowdy, Cameron opened his cabin door and fell on his knees praying in the doorway, whereupon "Father Pat," of Kootenay fame, held a religious service.

"I now felt certain that there was something seriously wrong at the seat of government about financial matters. I therefore started on horseback for Yale, leaving Lytton in the afternoon and arriving the following morning at Yale, where I only stopped long enough to hire a canoe and six Indians to convey me to New Westminster, where I arrived at 8 o'clock the following morning. As soon as Colonel Moody's office opened I sought an interview with him, when I learnt that Governor Douglas was at his house and that I would have to see him, as Colonel Moody declared he was not in any way responsible for the non-payment of the different sums of money as they became due, or for the order with which the government superintendent over my work had been furnished, instructing him not to grant me any certificate.

\$6,000 ON ACCOUNT—MEN DESPERATELY HUNGRY.

"I saw Governor Douglas and made a new arrangement, by which the sum of fifty thousand dollars was to be paid to me in a few days. This money he could get from the Bank of British Columbia, which was then commencing business in British Columbia. I also made arrangements for future payments, and then, knowing how important it was that I should be back at my works as soon as possible, I got the Governor to let me have on account a few thousand dollars then in the treasury at New Westminster and in the collectorate at Yale, amounting in all to six thousand dollars, and, having very unfortunately left a general instead of a specific power-of-attorney with the Attorney-General to sign for me for the balance of the fifty thousand dollars, I left by steamer to return to the road camps.

"When I reached Yale I was surprised to meet a large number of my men who had engaged to work the whole season, and others who had only engaged by the month. They had heard of my going down from Lytton in a great hurry, and some irresponsible creature had circulated a report that I had left the country. My return astonished these men. They were desperately hungry, so I took them to a restaurant and ordered a good meal and told them to meet me after breakfast at the office of the gold commissioner. On their arrival I paid off all those who had worked the full time for which they had engaged, and after well rating those who had left the work before the term for which they had engaged expired, by which action on their part they had forfeited all wages coming to them, I paid them half their wages and obtained employment for them for the rest of the season with Captain Grant, who, with the Royal Engineers and a body of civilian laborers, was then constructing the first section of the wagon road between Yale and Chapman's Bar.

SHERIFF INSTRUCTED TO ARREST MR. MOBERLY.

"The next day I proceeded on my way to the road camps, which, after my arrival, I reorganized and then returned to Lytton, as I expected that the \$44,000 agreed to be forwarded to me by express would have arrived. I reached Lytton on a Saturday evening and found that the mail and express had not arrived, but I received a letter from a friend, sent by special messenger, to inform me the government would not send me the money, and that the day after his messenger arrived at Lytton a *capias* would reach that town by mail instructing Captain Ball, the sheriff, to arrest me for the amount of an account due for some supplies furnished by a party in Victoria, and that a writ had been obtained owing to a notice emanating from the Attorney-General that the charter, out of which I could easily have cleared \$100,000 if the government had acted in good faith, had been forfeited as the work was not going on properly.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL'S BREACH OF FAITH.

"The letter I received from my friend also informed me that Captain Grant had been instructed to proceed to Lytton regarding the steps to be taken by the government about my works. The unfortunate general power-of-attorney I had given the Attorney-General, by a breach of faith on his part, placed it in his power to act as he did, and that power-of-attorney was used by him for a very different purpose to that intended when I gave it to him.

"This unscrupulous act on the part of the government I afterwards found out was owing to the refusal of the Imperial Government to grant a large loan to the colony, upon which Governor Douglas relied for building the Yale-Cariboo road and the extension of the Harrison-Lillooet road northerly from Lillooet, and as I was the one to whom the largest amount would have to be paid, it was decided to sacrifice me and carry the other



Scene on the Old Cariboo Road.

contractors through, especially as the government would gain a large and very expensive portion of the constructed road I had built without paying anything for it, which was a very convenient and profitable thing for them, but it was a disgraceful and dishonest transaction on their part.

A DRAMATIC BREAKFAST.

"The day when the capias would arrive in Lytton would be a Sunday. I, therefore, knew it could not be served upon me until the following morning. On Sunday morning I had breakfast with Captain Ball, the sheriff, and as we sat at that meal his mail arrived and I saw him open a letter, which, I felt convinced, contained the ominous document, but he said nothing, nor did I.

"I was now thoroughly disgusted with the bad faith I had met with from the government, and the duplicity of the Attorney-General, and felt certain I could not struggle any longer against such adverse circumstances; but, as I knew what vast importance it was to the colony to get this road

completed as soon as possible, I decided to take a course that would prevent the stoppage of the work and let my personal interest be sacrificed and the general interests of the country be protected, particularly as I had been the principal cause of leading Governor Douglas to undertake this great work which had placed him in a very serious dilemma.

MR. MOBERLY MAKES BIG SACRIFICE.

"The following morning I went down to breakfast with the sheriff, when he served me with the writ, and was rather surprised when I read the letter I had received the previous Saturday by private express, advising me about the *capias*. He said: "Why did you not get on your horse and cross the southern boundary into the United States?" My answer to him was: "That I had been the promoter of the Yale-Cariboo wagon road and I intended to stick to it until it was an accomplished work, no matter what obstacles had to be overcome."

"I was now hourly expecting the arrival of Captain Grant, whom I knew would be sent up by the government to act in the matter, and immediately on his arrival I borrowed a few hundred dollars from a friend and paid the amount off for which I had been arrested, and called upon Captain Grant, when we discussed the whole matter over in the most friendly manner, and I gave him in writing my relinquishment of all my charter rights, and also the surrender of all supplies, tents, tools, etc., on the works (which had cost me upwards of \$6,000), for the benefit of the government, and simply requested him to do his utmost to have the wages of all my men paid and also the sub-contracts I had let, a course to which he cordially assented and he afterwards compelled the government, much against their intention, to have this arrangement faithfully carried out.

A RUINED MAN.

"Captain Grant and myself now proceeded to my different road camps, of which I put him in full possession, and when everything was out of my hands Captain Grant proposed that he should appoint me to carry on the works for the government for the rest of the season. This proposition I was glad to accept, for I had not a dollar left, and then Captain Grant told the men that from that time they would be paid their wages by the government and that I was in full charge of the works, and, furthermore, that he would do his utmost to get their back wages paid, but he could not absolutely promise more, as that matter rested with Governor Douglas. Those wages were ultimately paid in full; they amounted to about \$19,000.

"When this business was closed up at the end of the year, the country had gained a large and most expensive portion of the Cariboo wagon road built, which cost them nothing, but it left me a ruined man, with heavy personal liabilities, which took all the money I could make during eight subsequent years to finally pay off.

"As soon as Mr. Charles Oppenheimer heard of my arrest he left the country to avoid a similar fate and did not return for some years. He had to settle all the then outstanding liabilities of our old firm before he came back, which cost him a large sum of money.

"The following year, 1863, a Mr. William Hood, from Santa Clara, California, undertook the contract to complete the unfinished portion of the road between the big rock bluff above Cook's ferry and Clinton, and he employed me to superintend the work for him.

"This same year Captain Grant, Mr. Trutch and Mr. Spence finished the section of the road between Yale and Lytton, and Mr. Spence built the suspension bridge across the Fraser River, which afterwards bore his name.



British Columbia's first Legislative Assembly, 1864. Mr. Moberly is seen third from the right. Those present, reading from left, are Henry Holbrook, Charles Brew, C. W. Franks, George A. Walkem, H. M. Ball, Peter O'Reilly, J. A. R. Homer, W. O. Hamley, A. N. Birch, Walter Moberly, H. P. P. Crease.

LOCATING OTHER WAGON ROADS.

"In 1864 I was employed by the Colonial Government as their engineer to go to Cariboo and locate the northerly portion of the wagon road from Fort Alexandria (to which latter point Mr. G. B. Wright had built the road the previous year) to Richfield, and to look after its construction between Quesnelle mouth and Cottonwood River, which was then built by Mr. G. B. Wright. I constructed a temporary sleigh road from Fort Alexandria to Quesnelle mouth, and another from Cottonwood River to Richfield via Lightning Creek. I also located a line for a wagon road

from Cottonwood River via Willow River as far as Richfield, and I supervised the construction of a branch road into the valley of the Horse Fly River, then known as "Captain Mitchell's Road." I also explored a line for a proposed branch wagon road into the valley of William's Lake.

ELECTED TO REPRESENT CARIBOO IN THE LEGISLATURE.

"At the end of the year 1864, having been requested by the people of Cariboo to represent them in the Legislative Council about to meet at New Westminster, I resigned my position as government engineer and was duly elected to represent the above-mentioned constituency.

"On the 13th of March, 1907, I had the honor of addressing the Canadian Club of Vancouver on the subject of "Early Pathfinding in the Mountains of British Columbia, or The Discovery of the Northwest by Land." In that address I related how I managed, during the session above-mentioned, to get the money granted that enabled me to complete by the end of the year 1865, discoveries that, in connection with extensive explorations I made from the year 1855 between Lake Simcoe and those made of the extensive central portion of Canada by the expedition under the command of Captain Palletier, insured a practicable route for a great Canadian transcontinental, terminating in the City of Vancouver, and as I have now given you a brief history of the Cariboo wagon road, you will be enabled to form an idea of the great difficulties that had to be overcome to bring about the development and present prosperous condition of British Columbia.



INDIAN LEGENDS—A GLIMPSE IN PASSING.

R. WALTER MOBERLY has developed in an unusual degree the sense of historical accuracy. In conversation with him this is very patent to one who has had a considerable experience of interviewing all sorts and conditions of men—and women. There is a sort of instinct—probably bred by experience—which, almost unerringly, tells one when a man is romancing. A man who has played as big a part as Mr Moberly has in the building of a province, and who, in the doing of it, has passed through so many strange and exciting experiences, might be pardoned for a little romancing, though, truth to tell, the actual facts of his career are more romantic than any fiction could be. Yet it is a fact that in the course of the telling of these various chapters of his life's story, nearly all the exciting or humorous stories have tumbled out quite accidentally; have, indeed, been just suggested by a word let fall casually. In the main Mr. Moberly has been intent upon telling of the chief events, the explorations, the building of roads and so on, and has had to be tempted into the by-paths of anecdote.

AN INTERLUDE.

We have nearly arrived at a period in his life which suggests an interlude—a rather strenuous and varied interlude, it is true, but still an interlude—between two notable periods. With the close of his history of the building of the Cariboo Road, and with the telling of the discovery of Eagle Pass, two events which subsequently played so large a part in the development of the province, practically ended the first important period. Shortly afterwards the adventurer bade “good-bye” to British Columbia, and for several years roamed through different States of the Union to the south, playing a part (with other men of the Cariboo mining excitement) in a silver and a gold excitement, visiting Utah, and having several conferences with that notable Mormon, Brigham Young, in Salt Lake City, and finally, with the advent of Confederation, being sent for to Ottawa by Sir John A. Macdonald as the only man who knew all about the country through which the C. P. R. would have to be built, in order that he might play an important part in that—for Canada—epoch-making event.

Before proceeding with the telling of this story in consecutive fashion let me gather up one or two loose ends.

There is one exciting experience of Mr. Moberly's life that is verbally pretty well known, and it must certainly find a place here, namely, how he nearly lost his life by drowning in the Fraser River in the winter of 1861. I first heard of this adventure from the Hon. Edgar Dewdney (who was living on the site of the recently-established city at the time), but I have heard it several times since from other very old-timers.

“Well, I was wintering in the township of New Westminster, and staying at what was called the Colonial restaurant—it was the winter of '61,” Mr.

Moberly observed. "The Fraser River was frozen over as I had never seen it before and have never seen it since. Those survivors of that period will bear me out in that statement. For quite a time steamers could not get up the river, and they used to come up Burrard Inlet to what is now Port Moody, and then passengers and freight would go across land to New Westminster, and we could drive on the Fraser right up to Langley, but I do not know how much farther, as that was the farthest I went then. The snow was deep, and there was splendid sleighing. It seems to me that the winter climate of this part of B. C. has become much milder than in those days, as I recollect other very heavy winters, though none to compare with the winter of '61.

A MIRACULOUS ESCAPE.

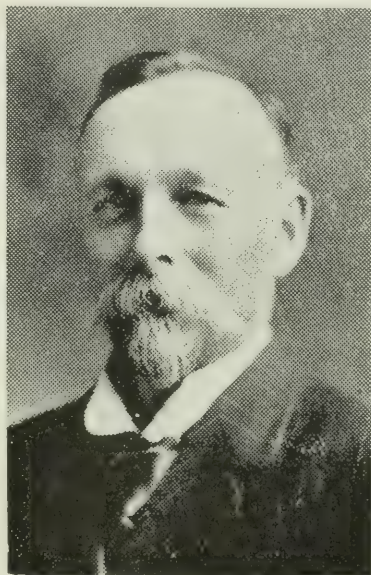
"We were having a game of shinny—they call it hockey now, I think—on the river just above New Westminster. It used to be played a great deal in Canada with a ball and a crooked stick. We were playing on skates, because the snow just then was only a very light layer. There was an opening in the ice where the current was particularly strong, and it had been frozen over the night before. The ball was struck down to this place, and I went after it. I was at the thin ice before I realized where I was, and through I went. Somehow, as I fell through, I instinctively took a quick breath. When I came up my head struck against the ice. Curiously enough, I had considered what I would do should I ever go through an ice surface on the Fraser, and I turned and at once swam with all the power of which I was capable against the current. The water was ice-cold. I opened my eyes and saw a little glimmer of light ahead of me, and thought that must be the place I had gone through. I took a few strokes with all my might and managed to get to the hole, and saw Henderson, who was purser on the old steamer Moody, looking over. He and others seized me and dragged me out." Mr. Moberly chuckled at the recollection, but he added: "I was too frozen to smile, then, as they rushed me off to the nearest shack where the warmth and a change of clothes soon put me right as rain."

THAT GRIZZLY ADVENTURE.

Now for another loose end. Do you remember Mr. Moberly's grizzly-bear adventure that took place in the mountains above the Illicillewaet Valley? If you read it you will remember that, after the grizzly had been killed, Victor and two other Indians who had accompanied Mr. Moberly and Mr. Perry, showed a marked disinclination to attempt—what the explorers first thought of attempting—the taking of the head and skin with them on the trail, and that, finally they decorated the head with red flannel from their shirts, and, Victor ascending a tall tree, placed it firmly upon the top, removing all bark and branches as he descended, in order to preserve it from the depredations of raccoons or other wild climbing animals. Mr. Moberly told me that some Indian superstition lay at the back of this action, and, as a result of this information, I visited Mr. Charles Hill-Tout, the well-known anthropologist and farmer at Abbotsford up the Fraser Valley. He told me that he had read of the incident with interest, and he explained the reason of the strange proceeding. This explanation is such an interesting glimpse into the Indian mind that, coming, as it does, from an authority and one who has lived much with the Indians, I make no apology for introducing it here.

INDIAN REVERENCE FOR THE BEAR.

"This practice of paying respect to the animals slain by them is a very common one among our Indians," Mr. Hill-Tout explained, "and it applies particularly to the killing of the bear, which was one of the greatest of their mystery animals. Every Indian greatly desired a bear as his totem or familiar spirit. The man who possessed a bear as his totem was given power by the bears to hunt and slay these animals readily, but there was always the obligation upon him that he should, having killed a bear, prepare it for food with reverence and consideration. For example, he would have to be very careful with the offal and not leave it for smaller animals to prey upon. This had to be carefully buried, or, preferably, thrown into a



Charles Hill-Tout, author of the work upon the Indians of British Columbia in the "Native Races of the British Empire" series.

running stream, and the head must always be painted with red paint or some substitute. In the case of Mr. Moberly's Indians you will notice that they tore portions from their red flannel shirts. Then they had to place the head either—as in the case of his story—upon the top of a young tree, or upon some big boulder or rock where it would be out of reach of wild animals. No Indian would ever dream of touching or in any way disturbing such an object.

Naturally I questioned Mr. Hill-Tout further upon this interesting practice, and elicited additional information. "In the case of the salmon," he said, "whenever they began to run no Indian was allowed to fish or kill until the first salmon of the season had been reverently brought to the chief of the tribe, who would gather all his tribesmen together and bid his wife cook the fish in a new basket specially made for the purpose. Then he would distribute a small bit to every man of the tribe who was ceremonially

clean, for none who were ceremonially unclean could ever be allowed to touch a bit of that first fish. After that any member of the tribe was free to kill salmon, but it was understood that they were always to return the head and entrails back to the water."

THE LEGEND OF THE SALMON.

Questioned as to the reason of this practice of returning the unused parts of the fish to the water, Mr. Hill-Tout observed: "It was to enable the fish to come to life again, and, in this connection, there is a rather beautiful little story among the Indians, which tells us how the salmon first came from the ocean to our streams. It seems that long ago there were no salmon in the rivers, and Khals, the culture hero of the Indians of this coast district, determined to go out to the salmon islands in the Pacific and induce the salmon people to visit the rivers and streams and allow themselves to be caught by the Indians as fish. He set sail with his brothers and some priests of the coast tribe, and, after many days' rowing, arrived at the home of the salmon people somewhere in the Pacific. They were people just like the Indians, and the visitors were made welcome. Just when the midday meal was being prepared one of the visitors noticed that two of the young people of the salmon tribe, a youth and a maiden, went down into the water and disappeared. Shortly afterwards two salmon were caught, and when they were being distributed to the visitors, the chief of the salmon people asked them to be very careful to keep all the bones together. After the meal one or two of the young men came round and collected the bones left over, and these were taken and thrown into the sea. Shortly after this the young man and maiden who had entered the water were seen to reappear."

HAD BEEN EATING THE SALMON PEOPLE.

"This happened each day and excited the curiosity of one of the visitors, who determined to put his suspicion to the test. Believing this entering of the water and catching of salmon to be intimately connected, he, at the meal next day, hid a piece of salmon bone under his blanket. Presently, when the young people came up out of the water, it was seen that the youth was holding his blanket up to his jaw. The chief went forward and the youth told him that all the bones could not have been returned to the water because his jaw bone was missing. The chief asked the visitors if they had returned all the bones. A search was made and the missing bone was found thrown a little way beyond the circle, where the visitor had thrown it. The chief threw it into the water, the young man returned into the water and came out whole. By this means the visitors knew that the salmon they had been eating were the salmon people. So Khals asked the chief if he would visit their coast and permit his people to catch them as salmon. This the chief agreed to upon certain conditions, the principal being that they would always throw the offal and bones back into the water."

A BEAUTIFUL BELIEF.

"This became a common practice even with animals. The Indians believe that the spirit part of the fish and animals is even more real than the corporeal part. They believe that the destruction of other parts of his carcass besides his flesh, which may be used for food purposes, would make the bear very angry and that he would take his revenge upon the Indians

for the indignity placed upon his remains. They believe that, if the animals allow themselves to be killed for food, then it is the duty of those who kill them to treat with reverence what they do not use." Incidentally Mr. Hill-Tout mentioned that each color has its special significance for the Indian, black for war, red for ceremonial, and so on.

And now to return to Mr. Moberly's story. I happened to mention the building of the Dewdney trail to Wild Horse, and Mr. Moberly recalled that he first met Mr. Dewdney in New Westminster at the very beginning of things and while he was erecting some of the first wooden buildings in the forest clearings. "I remember well how Dewdney and Lee undertook that hay-making expedition on to Sea Island, about which he told you so entertainingly," Mr. Moberly said, laughing heartily at the recollection. "They were going to cut and collect the wild grass for Col. Moody's horses. I remember that, on our way round to Burrard Inlet upon that expedition about which I have told you, when Commander Richards named Coal Harbor, Burnaby and I called upon Dewdney and Lee and we all laughed over the fact that they were, in addition to the making of the hay, going to make their fortune out of cranberries. We also called at the big Indian rancherie which was situated on the north shore of the North Arm."

A RATTLESNAKE STORY.

Mr. Moberly and Mr. Dewdney were associated in the building of the first portion—about seven miles—of the road from Hope through the canyons, and Captain Grant and his men of the Engineers went on with it. It was intended to carry it on to Princeton in the Similkameen, but the Cariboo excitement broke out and next year all forces were at work upon the Cariboo Road. It was at the beginning of this excitement that Mr. Moberly first met his old friend—who is still with us, hale and hearty, despite the fact that he is nearly fourscore years of age—Bob Stevenson, a notable survivor of the Cariboo days, who was among those who first brought out from the interior the news of the discovery of gold. Mention of Bob Stevenson recalled to Mr. Moberly's memory a remarkable rattlesnake story which Mr. Stevenson has made peculiarly his own and which, for that reason, Mr. Moberly would not have printed here. But recollection of that story recalled a rattlesnake incident which happened to Mr. Moberly himself between Osoyoos Lake and Colville. "The girth of my saddle had got loose—I was using one of those Mexican saddles," he explained, "and I dismounted to tighten it. As I was doing this I wondered what the devil was knocking at my leg. I looked down and found that I had stepped on a rattlesnake in such a manner that about a foot of the snake was at liberty and that it was dabbling away at my leather legging—which had saved my life."

"FIXING" OLD NESQUINAULT.

Briefly summarizing his explorations immediately following the Eagle Pass expedition, Mr. Moberly said: "In '66 I finished the explorations round the bend of the Columbia and build a trail into French Creek and had some improvement work done on the Dewdney trail. I went through to the Kootenays and across to the Columbia, visiting the different Passes, in order to connect with the explorations of Palliser and Hector, who had explored the Howse, Kicking Horse and Crow's Nest Passes, ending their

explorations when they struck the Columbia. I went back to Wilson's Landing, and up to French Creek and crossed over to Shuswap Lake to arrange with the chief of the Indians about the reserves there."

I think I must give with a little detail Mr. Moberly's story of the primitive way in which the arrangement was made with that particular Indian chief. He laughed heartily as he said: "Judge Cox (who was an Irishman and a great character) had been through before and, as far as I could make out then or afterwards, he had reserved the whole blessed country right through from the mouth of Cache Creek to the Rocky Mountains, and the people were driving their cattle in and there was likely to be a lot of trouble because the Indians were collecting toll. I had been commissioned to endeavor to come to an arrangement with the Indians. I had a big talk with the Indians (they were the Shuswaps), and gave them a good blow-out, and then I conferred with their chief, old Nesquinnault, who was a cunning old beggar. We were camped 200 or 300 feet from the beach, and while the Indians were sitting round the fire at supper I asked Nesquinnault to take a little walk with me down the beach. He did so, and I told him, when we sat down, that we wanted the Indian reserve matter settled, and I showed him where the boundary should go. I then took out of my pocket \$200, which I had with me in \$20 pieces. I put \$100 on each knee. The money shone in the moonlight, and I told him that I would put that in his pocket the following morning if he would agree. Next morning all was settled. I then told all the Indians that, if they would come to Kamloops, I would make them all presents, and they came. Nesquinnault was exceedingly fond of horses and a very good judge of them, so I made him a present of a very fine animal with a Mexican saddle and silver trappings. He no sooner realized that it was his than he was in the saddle."

MURDER—NOT DIPLOMACY.

Incidentally Mr. Moberly spoke very highly of a young man named Fitzgerald, who was clerk to Judge Cox at the time and who a few years ago earned tragic fame by heroically losing his life while in charge of a handful of the North West Mounted Police, who died from starvation and exposure in the Yukon. It was Fitzgerald who, referring to the capture and hanging at Quesnele of the Indians responsible for the destruction of the Waddington party—the story has already been told many times, and it will be remembered that the Indians were captured through a piece of treachery and a promise that was broken—remarked: "It was a great piece of diplomacy, wasn't it?" to which Mr. Moberly replied: "No; it was treachery and murder." Mr. Moberly holds that the Waddington party of whites brought their fate upon themselves by their treatment of the Indians, and that the subsequent trial and hanging of the Indians was a blot upon all concerned.

ROW WITH ONE GOVERNOR—TRIBUTE TO ANOTHER.

"After completing the negotiations with Nesquinnault I came to Westminster and wanted to get a wagon road built through Eagle Pass and trails into the Kootenay," the explorer observed, "but I found that Governor Seymour had chartered a steamer to bring in immigrants from California. I told him that he had done the worst thing for the country that he could, as it would result in bringing a big gang of gamblers and other



Types of British Columbia Indians.

undesirables into the country. We had something of a row, and he said he would abolish my office of assistant surveyor-general. I said: 'You can do so with pleasure, as I am going to take my passage to California on this steamer that you have been good enough to charter to bring in immigrants.' He asked me not to leave and he would put any engineering work that came along into my hands, but I replied, 'There won't be any engineering if you don't open up the trails.' Anyway, I wanted to go and see what was doing in the States and where, probably, the transcontinental roads would go over there. They were just starting the California Central.

THAT OLD BRASS KNOCKER.

"It was just about when I left that, Governor Douglas's term being up, Governor Seymour was appointed governor of both Mainland and Vancouver Island. Governor Douglas went to Europe and I did not see him again until '71, when he came back to Victoria. He was then living in the old house—still standing, I believe—next to where Dr. Helmcken is still living." Mr. Moberly added, in reply to a question, that when he visited the doctor some time ago, he went and looked at the Governor's old house and recognized again the little, old brass knocker which he had raised so many times in the days of long ago. Governor Douglas he recalls as a splendid looking man, very dignified, but very good-hearted and most popular. "I consider that our province today owes more to him than to any man," Mr. Moberly asserted.



HOW WALTER MOBERLY MET BRIGHAM YOUNG.

AND so it befell that, at the beginning of the year 1867, after a number of the most strenuous years of exploration and road building in all his varied career, Walter Moberly bade "good-bye" to the province of his adoption for what proved to be four years wandering and excitement in California, Nevada, Utah, Idaho, Oregon and Washington; but, as he steamed away for San Francisco and saw the shores of British Columbia fade from view, he was confident that his absence would be a temporary one, for he felt sure that Confederation was only a question of time and that the transcontinental railway for which he had paved the way by his valuable explorations, and the realization of which was the lode-star of all his earlier and middle life, would then become an affair of practical politics.

AS GRAIN WAREHOUSER.

"San Francisco was a busy city even then, nearly fifty years ago," he recalled, "and it was rendered very picturesque by the many clipper ships that were loading or discharging there all the time. As soon as I arrived I decided to take a trip into the interior to Grass Valley in order to visit an old friend, a Cornishman, who was part owner of one of the mines. I did so, and then returned to 'Frisco. In those days a great deal of grain was shipped in sailing vessels. I came into personal touch with two very decent fellows, a Southerner and a Northerner—this was several years after the close of the Civil War—and the three of us agreed to take a pretty big warehouse for the storage of grain in sacks. These two knew the shipping men well and we got the storage of much of their goods and grain, and we used to ship grain as return cargo. I managed the warehouse, and the others saw to the outside business.

"This continued for some time, but in '69 I gave it up and, it being the time of what was known as the White Pine excitement, I went as far as Elko, just where the road used to branch off to White Pine and up the Owyhee River, with a view to mining. Near there Oppenheimer, who, you remember, had been associated with me in the building of a portion of the Cariboo Road and who went away to California while that was in progress, had bought a ranch. I stopped with him a short time, and it was then that the White Pine excitement broke out, and I, with fifty or sixty others, went up there in the direction of Silver City in Nevada to open a store at a silver mining camp that had sprung up into a little mining city in no time and was named Mountain City.

MOUNTAIN CITY MINING: OLD CARIBOO MEN.

"I arrived at the very beginning of the excitement there and, as a civil engineer, was asked to lay out the city." The way in which Mr. Moberly came to be appointed deputy state surveyor in order that he

could make use of his profession in Mountain City—as a foreigner he was not supposed to practice—and how he got an American friend elected state surveyor in order that the latter might appoint him his deputy and that the two might share the profits, is an interesting story, but there is not space for it just here. “Anyway, both of those high-sounding titles were mostly sound and had not much substance,” interjected the explorer, “but our official appointments helped us somewhat financially.”

“Oppenheimer opened the store and, besides laying out the place, I laid out mining camps and pre-emptions. There were some of the old Cariboo mining men there, such men as Bill Hazeltine (of whom Mr. Dewdney told you), Bill Sellers, who used to be on Beaver Lake; Frank Laumeister, who used to be a big merchant in the Cariboo in the early days and one of whose daughters married Jim Bouie, who used to keep the store at Lytton, and others. Well, this Mountain City excitement lasted nearly a year and then ‘bust,’ because the claims were not really rich. During its existence a fair amount of law and order was maintained. The miners formed a committee and this committee formed districts and passed mining laws, some of them very good ones. There was a good deal of claim jumping, but I do not remember any very serious fracas.” After this experience Mr. Moberly returned to San Francisco for a brief spell and, when the Salt Lake mining excitement broke out, cleared off to that. He went with a friend from San Francisco.

AMONG THE MORMONS.

“Even then, though in its comparatively early days, Salt Lake City was a fine place,” Mr. Moberly recalled, “and the opening up of these mines gave it a great impetus. I did not stop there long, but my stay was very interesting and I got to know a number of leading people, as I wanted to find out all that I could about possible railway development. I became acquainted with one of the prophets, as they were called, and he proved a very decent fellow. Indeed I formed a very favorable opinion of the Mormons generally, as practically all I met proved kindly and hospitable. A great many were English, and most of the women were English or Welsh. This particular Mormon was the proprietor of the Salt Lake House, the principal hotel there, and it was he who introduced me to Brigham Young, the head of the Mormons, who I met several times at his house and with whom I had several long conversations. He knew that I was anxious to gain as much information as possible about the railway possibilities, and he went out of his way to oblige—which was pretty decent, as I was a complete stranger to him.”

BRIGHAM YOUNG.

Naturally I asked Mr. Moberly to give me an idea of the impression the famous Mormon made upon him and the style of his residence. “I probably did not see him at his best, as he was suffering from gout at the time,” Mr. Moberly replied, “but he made a very decided impression upon me. A stoutish, square-built man about 5 feet 10 inches in height, he did not strike me as in any sense handsome, but he had a firm face and there was something about the man and his conversation which at once suggested intellect. At that time he would be somewhere in the sixties. I remember he said to me a few minutes after we had been introduced, ‘I expect you

have heard all sorts of stories about us and our country, most of them exaggerated, and let me tell you at once that you can go through our country just as you like without getting into any trouble.' I remember he lived in one of the finest residences in the city, but it did not strike me as being at all luxuriously furnished." Mr. Moberly, speaking of the military fort, recalled with a smile the occasion when the United States sent a considerable force, including a fine lot of horses and cattle, to invade the territory of the Mormons and how the latter quietly surrounded and captured the lot and sent them home again without killing any of them and unharmed. Incidentally, he mentioned that Brigham Young showed keen interest in British Columbia and asked many questions about the development and form of government in this province.

MINING IN OPHIR CITY, UTAH.

And now Mr. Moberly plunged into another mining city, this time in Utah and some forty miles from Salt Lake City. "It was in the Ophir Canyon," he explained, "and was called Ophir City. It was little more than a large mining camp when I got there and took up a considerable number of claims. My friend and I started to sink a shaft two miles below the city, and we used to go for our supplies to a store kept by one of Brigham Young's sons. This son also ran the stage into Salt Lake City."

One of these days, perhaps, Mr. Moberly will set down on paper or let someone else do so, some of his experiences in and impressions of Mountain City and Ophir City and of several other mining excitements that he took part in during his four years of wandering in the States. Some of his adventures he told me, and I should like to record them, for they would make good reading, but they would make this story too long. It will be remembered that our explorer had had instructions to keep Ottawa in touch with his whereabouts, as he was the only man living who had a fairly thorough personal knowledge of the interior of British Columbia and where the proposed transcontinental railway should be located. It was while he was mining at Ophir City that he received by stage the expected telegram, which had been sent from Ottawa to Salt Lake City, requesting him to go to Ottawa at once to see Sir John A. Macdonald, the premier.

RODE DAY AND NIGHT TO MEET SIR JOSEPH.

But just here it will do no harm to retrace a step and record an incident that should have been recorded when Mr. Moberly was telling of his experiences at Mountain City. He was there when he received—by stage also—a telegram from Sir Joseph Trutch from Ottawa. It had come by the Wells-Fargo express from Elko, and asked if Mr. Moberly could meet him at Elko on his way back to British Columbia from Ottawa as he had important news. Sir Joseph had just been to Ottawa as one of a delegation (consisting of himself, Dr. Carrall of Cariboo, afterwards a Senator, and Dr. J. S. Helmcken, still living at a great age in Victoria) sent there to complete the negotiations for Confederation, already under way, and he was now returning. This delegation and its work is, I notice, mentioned in Sir Charles Tupper's recently published "Recollections of Sixty Years in Canada," and Sir Charles also has a reference to Mr. Moberly.

"When I received that telegram at Mountain City I knew that, if I was to see Sir Joseph on his way through—and it was important that I should—I should have to ride the eighty miles between where I was and Elko without more rest than a change of horses. I started at 4 o'clock one afternoon and rode the rest of that day and all that night and well on into the next day and got to Elko pretty tired out an hour before the train arrived. The country was pretty open and, though there were no roads, you could safely ride at a gallop over most of it, and I had one of the best horses in that part of the country. I had breakfast with Sir Joseph and Mrs. Trutch, who accompanied him, and then they had to leave. He told me all about the negotiations to date and asked me to be sure and keep in touch with civilization in order that a telegram could reach me. The contract was that they should commence construction of the C. P. R. in two years and finish it in ten years. Those were the terms of Confederation."

RECOLLECTION OF LADY MACDONALD'S GIRLHOOD.

Returning to Ophir City. "When I received the telegram telling me to go to Ottawa, I bought a gallon of whiskey and returned to the camp and told the fellows to drink my health. I made them a present of my mining claims, which were not very valuable, anyway, and told Young to get the stage to stop for me in the morning, as I was going to Salt Lake. A week or so later I was in Ottawa. The first person I went to see there was Colonel Bernard, who was a brother of Lady Macdonald and private secretary to Sir John, and while I was talking to him Lady Macdonald came in. I had not seen her since she was a girl." In reply to questions I elicited from Mr. Moberly that he knew the great premier's clever wife well as a girl. "They came from Jamaica, where her father used to be chief justice," he observed, "and they came to settle in Barrie, where we lived when I was a boy. My mother went to England to visit her sister, and they took our house. My headquarters were at Toronto at the time, but whenever I went to Barrie for a holiday I used to stay with them. And many's the good gallop Baroness Macdonald and I have had together when she was a girl," added the veteran, laughing, and with his eyes lighting up at the recollection. "She was a splendid horsewoman, even as a small girl, and was always clever and, though not beautiful, she was a fine-looking girl and popular." Lady Macdonald at once invited her old friend to lunch at Earncliffe, as she said Sir John was anxious to see him and they could have a long talk there without being disturbed.

WHAT MR. MOBERLY TOLD SIR JOHN.

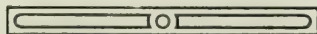
The two had met before when Sir John was Attorney-General during the old Grand Trunk times. I asked Mr. Moberly for a recollection of their conversation upon this occasion. "I told him that I could show him exactly where to locate the C. P. R. from the sea coast to the prairies," said Mr. Moberly simply, and he added, with a short laugh, "and I think they realize now that it was an expensive pity that they allowed part of the route that I proposed to be humbugged away from the rest of the line. There is not one inch of the C. P. R. on the proper line from Revelstoke to Rat Portage, and they have paid through the nose for this to the extent of hundreds of thousands of dollars." "I told him," continued the old man, after this passing criticism, "You can commence the construction of

the line six weeks after I get back to British Columbia.' I remember adding: 'Of course I don't know how many millions you have, but it is going to cost you money to get through those canyons.' I told him that I would like to leave at once for B. C. in order that I could land the first party of engineers in the province the day we went into Confederation." "And, by gad, I did it, too, though they wanted me to stay," Mr. Moberly added with a satisfied emphasis.

"I saw Sir Sandford Fleming before I left. I had known him for many years. I had gathered a few engineers when I left Ottawa, but I told Sir John that I preferred to employ engineers whom I knew out here, and he replied that I might employ just whom I liked. He added: 'There is a young man here I would like you to give a job to if you can, but do just as you like.' This young man came to me some months later in Victoria with a letter of introduction, and I engaged him. His name was Martin Benson, and he proved one of my most valued assistants. I returned to Victoria by boat from 'Frisco and arrived in the summer of '71. That was in June, and by July I had my first parties for making the surveys organized. I was now going to take a preliminary survey, as we call it, to be followed by location surveys.

COMMENCING A GREAT WORK.

Describing the commencement of this work which was to have such a momentous effect upon the future of the province in which we live, Mr. Moberly said: "I had two parties. I sent one from Hope to get into the Columbia, and the other from Kamloops to get into the Eagle Pass. Mr. D. C. Gillette, an American engineer of much ability whom I had known for a long time, was in charge of the Hope party, and Mr. Edward Mohun, an engineer who had a wide and excellent reputation in B. C., and who, after being connected with the Land and Works Department, is now living retired in Victoria, was in charge of the party which went in from Kamloops. I went up to Hope and saw the party off and then to Kamloops and saw the other party off. Mr. Roderick McLennan, an engineer from the Intercolonial Railway, had charge of the North Thompson and Yellowhead surveys, and I took charge myself of the Eagle Pass surveys."



MAKING RAILWAY HISTORY.

WE now enter upon, perhaps, the most important chapter of Mr. Moberly's life story, as it was the most important chapter in the history of the Province of British Columbia, for it marked the first definitely organized and comprehensive steps toward the actual planning of the route of the bands of steel, which were for the first time in the history of this continent to connect the Atlantic with the Pacific. All that had gone before in our explorer's life, strenuous as that life had been, was but the introduction to this great work which he had had before him as his goal from the start. Even the building of the historic Cariboo Road was but an incident—though a very vigorous and dramatic one—compared with the task which he and those associated with him had before them now that Confederation was an accomplished fact and that the first practical steps in the realization of that great undertaking which was to be known to future generations by the magic letters "C. P. R." were to be taken.

"LET'S ABUSE THE C. P. R."

We have got used, in England, to the saying that it is a farmer's privilege to grumble at the weather. In Canada it is the privilege of the public to grumble at the C. P. R. We abuse that unfortunate company because it had the foresight to secure (when it had the chance) much land en route; we abuse it in Vancouver because it happens to own much waterfront; we abuse it because of the rates it charges, and, I have no doubt, if we could, we should, in some indirect way, make it responsible for all the rain we get during the winter. And in our criticism—sometimes, no doubt, justified—of that company, which (like all others of its kind) has not a soul to be saved nor a body to be kicked, we are often inclined to overlook the stupendous nature of the task tackled in those early days, first by the Dominion Government and then by the late Lord Strathcona and his associates, a task tackled, often, with inadequate resources and under the stress of political agitation; we are inclined to forget that the building of that railway—which, while inevitable, might have been accomplished years later had it not been for the type of men associated with its inception and building—has made possible our present development; yes, and in our desire to dispose of corporations and their monopolies, lock, stock and barrel, we are inclined to forget that the land granted to this particular corporation, like the land in Vancouver which has made so many wealthy, was not worth a tithe of its present value when it was granted. However, we must have something to abuse, so far be it from me to attempt to lighten the load which this most wonderful of modern railways and railway organizations has to bear. After all, we do occasionally recognize with a certain grudging pride that the C. P. R. is something which no other country in the world has managed to produce.

REMEMBER THE EARLY STRUGGLES.

But do not let us forget those early days and those tremendous early struggles which saw the preparation for and the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway through the wilds of this mountainous province, struggles to overcome nature which the average tourist, as he is whirled through glorious mountain scenery, only vaguely guesses at. And do not let us forget any of the great pioneers of that work, and particularly (in the preparatory, exploratory and survey work) Walter Moberly and (in the actual surveying and building of the most difficult part of the line through the canyons of the Fraser) Henry J. Cambie.



Walter Moberly some years ago.

It will be necessary, in the interests of the historical accuracy of this story, to touch upon a phase of the building of the railway through B. C. which has controversial elements and which, I find, has been touched upon in passing in several publications (books and pamphlets), dealing with different phases of the province's development, the particular point at issue being the abandonment by the powers-that-were at the time of the building of the railway of much of the longer but easier route explored and recommended by Mr. Moberly, and the resultant continuous heavy expense and loss of life caused by endless avalanches, snow blockades, etc., through the

Rogers Pass portion of the Selkirks and the present heavy expense involved in the great engineering feat which the C. P. R. has now in progress in the boring of the longest tunnel on the continent, the tunnel beneath Mount Sir Donald in the Selkirks, a work undertaken expressly for the purpose of obviating in future the dangers and expense referred to.

THE OLD "FORTY-NINE."

For the present let Mr. Moberly tell his story in his own words. It will be recalled that the explorer had sent out his initial survey parties, one under Mr. Gillette to the Howse Pass, and another, under Mr. Mohun, to Eagle Pass, while Mr. Roderick McLennan was in charge of the surveys of a line via the North Thompson and Alfreda Rivers and through the Yellowhead, and Mr. John Trutch was in charge of the surveys between Burrard Inlet and Kamloops.

"At Kamloops I parted with my survey party under Mr. Mohun and also with Mr. McLennan's party and that of the late Dr. A. R. C. Selwyn, the director of the Geological Survey of Canada, who accompanied Mr. McLennan to the Yellowhead Pass," continued Mr. Moberly. "I now proceeded with a few horses and three Indians on my way to Howse Pass. I went by the trail via Osoyoos Lake to Colville, where I chartered the old steamer Forty-nine, and loaded her with supplies, which I purchased, and sent up to The Big Eddy, at the east end of the Eagle Pass, where I had instructed Mr. McLennan to winter, and then proceeded on my way via the trail to Wild Horse Creek, the valleys of the Kootenay and Columbia rivers, to Kinbasket's Landing, where I overtook Mr. Gillette's party. The old Forty-nine was a stern-wheeler, built by Capt. White, of Colville, during the Big Bend excitement in '65 and '66.

AN ORIGINAL FLOTILLA.

"I sent a few horses through the woods, along the east bank of the river, to the mouth of the Blueberry River, which has its source near the summit of the Howse Pass, and then embarking my party and supplies on board a flotilla composed of some half-rotten and leaky boats, old log canoes and a few Indian bark canoes, we floated down to a point a short distance south of the mouth of the Blueberry River, where I at once set some men at work to build log huts to winter in, and the survey party running a preliminary survey up the valley of the Blueberry River, and then, taking some horses and three Indians, I started to cross the Rocky Mountains to their easterly foothills, where I expected to meet a party near Mount Murchieson, under the command of my brother Frank, who had charge of the exploratory surveys between Red River and the easterly foothills of the Rocky Mountains.

"From the summit down the easterly slope of the Rocky Mountains the descent was very gentle, and I anticipated there would not be any difficulty in getting a line easterly by the valley of the Red Deer or Saskatchewan rivers, but that probably the better line to adopt would be an air line near Mount Murchieson, passing through Winnipeg and reaching the northwest corner of the Lake of the Woods. I now knew that on the whole of my proposed line from Vancouver to Winnipeg the only really difficult point to settle was the descent from the summit of Howse Pass to the Columbia River, as the descent from the summit for three or four miles was very steep.

HEAVY WINTER SETS IN.

"Everything now indicated a very heavy fall of snow, and as I knew from experience what that meant at such a high elevation as the summit of the Howse Pass is, I retraced my way to the survey party and found that they had the trial line partly up the steep grade, and I caused it to be pushed on with the utmost despatch to the summit, and then commenced to make a trial location down the side of the mountain, but, just as we began this survey, the snow began to fall so heavily that we could not see through it with our instruments, nor could we retain our footing on the steep and slippery side of the mountain, and, as the snow continued to fall all day, I saw that I could not get this all-important portion of the line properly surveyed, and that to remain any longer on the mountain would cause the death of all our animals, I reluctantly ordered the party to proceed to the depot until better weather set in.

"I remained a few days at the depot waiting for the Columbia River to freeze in order that the ice would be strong enough to travel on, and, having got snowshoes made, and men set at work to build boats that I proposed to use in connection with the surveys I intended to make the following year around the Big Bend, I instructed Mr. Gillette, as soon as the weather permitted, to push forward the survey of the line down from the summit of the Pass to the bank of the Columbia River. (The next summer when I reached the Howse Pass, on my way to the Yellowhead Pass, Mr. Gillette informed me that the result of the surveys he had made satisfied him that a good line could be obtained through the Howse Pass, and he was of the same opinion as myself, that a great mistake was made by the engineer-in-chief in abandoning that line in favor of the Yellowhead Pass.)

LONG SNOWSHOE WALK: ESCAPE AVALANCHE.

"Accompanied by my ever-faithful Indians and the late Hon. Mr. Todd, I started for a long snowshoe walk to New Westminster, and proceeded down the Columbia River to the latitude of Gold River, in order to see if I could get a line through the Selkirks by a high pass between the headwaters of Gold River and those of Gold Creek, or if it would be possible to connect those valleys by a tunnel. If I could get a line this way it would very materially shorten this distance between Revelstoke and the Howse Pass.

"After a very fatiguing journey through the Selkirk Mountains by this high pass, in which we were very nearly buried beneath an immense avalanche that came roaring down the steep mountain side when we were near the summit, we reached the almost deserted mining town on French Creek that I had before visited in the year 1866, when I constructed a trail between it and the Seymour Arm of Lake Shuswap.

"I here met several old acquaintances, and the following afternoon went on to McCulloch's Creek, which was entirely deserted, and the remains of the few buildings still standing were in a very dilapidated condition. Two more days' travel against a strong head wind, which was excessively cold, brought us to Mr. Mohun's winter quarters at The Big Eddy, just before Christmas Day.

REALLY "PERRY'S" PASS.

"I spent a few days with Mr. Mohun's party waiting for the plan and profile of the line surveyed through the Eagle Pass, which I found showed that a very good location could be obtained, and then having arranged with Mr. Mohun to push forward the survey through the Selkirk Range by the valley of the Illecillewaet River, and the Pass by its south-



Major Rogers, after whom Rogers' Pass is named.

easterly fork, which was discovered by my assistant, Mr. Albert Perry, in 1866, and was subsequently very improperly named Rogers Pass (it is a well-known fact among contemporaries, like Mr. Cambie, who were engaged in the building of the C. P. R., that Major Rogers did not see the Pass until many years later and, as a matter of fact, never passed through it before the railway was built), I resumed my way westerly through the Eagle Pass to the Great Shuswap Lake.

"The weather had now turned quite warm, which caused the ice on the Eagle River to be unsafe in places, but, as travelling through the thick underbrush, etc., covered with deep, soft snow, was very fatiguing and disagreeable, we preferred risking the way by the ice, and consequently all the party, at different times, experienced the discomfort of one or more cold baths.

"When we reached the Sicamous Narrows we found there was no ice, and crossed the narrows in a log canoe, and then resumed our way along the south shore of the Salmon Arm.

ADVENTUROUS TRIP: MR. MOBERLY HAS NARROW ESCAPE.

"I was anxious to examine a gap in the low range of hills between the Salmon Arm and the main or easterly arm of Shuswap Lake that I had noticed when first exploring through that lake in the year 1865. This gap, now known as Notch Hill, would, if practicable for railway construction, much lessen the distance that a line for a railway would otherwise have to take to reach Shuswap Lake.

"Directing the members of my party to remain on the shore, while I tried to cross Salmon Arm on the rather rotten ice to see if it was strong enough for them with their packs, which contained all the plans, profiles, field books, etc., connected with the exploratory surveys so far made by me, and the loss of which would have been a serious calamity, I started on my adventurous trip.

"When about half way across the Arm, I fell through the ice, and, being encumbered with rather heavy clothing, I had a long and hard struggle to save my life. When nearly exhausted and benumbed by the ice-cold water, by spreading my snowshoes under my body in order to cover as large an area of the rotten ice as possible, and thus prevent its breaking under the weight of my body, I managed at last to scramble out and reach the shore, where my Indians were in a half-frozen and miserable plight.

BEST LINE FOR RAILWAY.

"We pursued our way along the south shore and when we were at a point opposite Notch Hill we found the arm clear of ice, and made a raft and crossed to the southerly end of the Notch. The next day we walked through the Notch, when I found it would be the best route for the railway, and in due time reached Cache Creek, from which place there was telegraphic communication with Ottawa, and I sent a telegram to the engineer-in-chief to the effect that a good, practicable route for the Canadian Pacific Railway was a certainty from Burrard Inlet to the prairies east of the Rocky Mountains, and that the surveys had progressed in a satisfactory manner.

"I was now perfectly certain, within a possible deviation of a few hundred feet, or a shortening of the line by a tunnel through the Selkirk Mountains, between the valleys of Gold River and Gold Cerek, where the location of the Canadian Pacific Railway should be from Vancouver through the mountain region of Canada, for I had examined every part of it myself. The objectionable Pass, now known as Rogers Pass, I had not been through, but formed my opinion about it from Mr. A. Perry's report made to me in 1866.

DIFFICULT WORK AHEAD: WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

"In due course I reached Victoria, after a long and tedious journey, that had consumed much time, and, as I knew there was a great deal of extremely difficult work, of the very greatest importance for me to do the next season, and for which I had to make various extensive preparations that would require my personal supervision in many different places scattered throughout an immense territory, where travelling and transportation had to be done almost entirely on the backs of animals, I did not go to Ottawa, as it would have been only a useless waste of time.

"The important surveys I proposed making during the year 1872 were as follows:

"1. A careful location survey from the Columbia River through the Howse Pass.

"2. A trial survey through the Selkirk Range by the valley of the Illecillewaet River and Rogers Pass.

"3. A trial survey across the Selkirk Range by the valleys of Gold River and Gold Creek, to ascertain what length of tunnelling would be required to connect those valleys.

"4. A survey from Revelstoke around the bend of the Columbia River to connect with the survey via Gold River and Gold Creek, and with the survey through Howse Pass.

"At this time I was so confident where the best line for the Canadian Pacific Railway ought to be located that I had decided to go on with the location surveys after making the above surveys and getting the approval of the engineer-in-chief, which I never doubted for a moment would be given, and had I been allowed to carry out the above work, which Mr. Gillette's report to me about a line through the Howse Pass fully justified and endorsed, millions of dollars would have been saved to the country, and the Canadian Pacific Railway Company would have had a far better, less expensive and safer line to operate than the present line through the Rogers and Kicking Horse Passes, and been able to make better time over it.

TRIAL LOCATION THROUGH HOWSE PASS.

"Soon after I reached Victoria I forwarded my reports, etc., to Ottawa, and requested the engineer-in-chief to allow me to increase my engineering staff. I shortly afterwards received a telegram from the engineer-in-chief informing me that a trial location through the Howse Pass was considered most important. This telegram led me to infer that the line I had taken so many years to explore and discover, and which I was quite confident would be the best to adopt for the proposed Canadian transcontinental railway, would be adopted.

"I at once let contracts for large quantities of supplies to be forwarded immediately, and delivered to me at Kinbasket's Landing, on the upper Columbia River, to which point I had instructed the engineer at Howse Pass to have boats built and sent, to convey the supplies to the various points along the Columbia River where they would be required.

DRAMATIC TELEGRAM: YELLOWHEAD PASS ADOPTED.

"I now engaged the additional engineers and men required to carry out the extensive surveys I proposed to make during the summer of the year 1872, and, having equipped them and closed all business affairs in Victoria, I embarked the party on board a steamer that was to sail for Olympia at 3 o'clock on the following morning, proposing to accompany the party myself.

"At 11 o'clock that night I received a message from Lieutenant-Governor, the late Sir Joseph W. Trutch, requesting me to see him at once at Government House, and on my arrival there he handed me a telegram he had received from the engineer-in-chief, desiring him to inform me

that the Yellowhead Pass had been adopted for the Canadian Pacific Railway and that I was to take charge of and make the survey through it, and convey my survey parties and supplies to it by way of the Athabasca Pass.

STAGGERING INSTRUCTIONS.

"These instructions completely staggered me. I knew that there was not a person living at that time who had such a knowledge of the country, its great possibilities and requirements, as myself, and I could foresee the future inevitable consequences that would follow by locating the Canadian Pacific Railway on a line far distant from the southern boundary of the Dominion, and thus leaving the future trade and commerce of the immense belt of the richest and most important portion of the country, extending from the Pacific Coast to the Red River, and from the 49th parallel of latitude to a great distance north of it, to be tapped and drawn away into United States channels by American railways. It was very disappointing to me after all the years and money I had spent to prevent the possibility of such an eventuality, and at the same time to obtain the best commercial line for the Canadian Pacific Railway.

"I was now in a very false position, for I had let the contracts for the large quantities of supplies needed for the surveys I proposed, and knew ought to be made, and the supplies were already well on their way when I received the order to abandon the surveys for which they were intended.

MR. MOBERLY'S DIFFICULT POSITION.

"I left Victoria for Portland to meet the contractor who had undertaken to furnish the supplies at Kinbasket's Landing, and at Marcus, near Colville, and tried to get out of the contract by offering him a large sum of money. He showed me the contracts he had entered into with the packers who owned the pack animals then transporting the supplies, and also stated that the supplies would be useless to him at Kinbasket's Landing, which I was well aware would be the case. He, however, agreed to take back the supplies that were to be sent up the Columbia River to the mouth of the Illecillewaet River for the survey of the line through the valley of that river and Rogers Pass, etc. Unfortunately, I was not able to get a quantity of hardware I had agreed to take, and which was then not far from the Columbia Lakes. It was intended to be used in the construction of boats and engineers' houses, etc., that would be needed during the location and construction of the railway through the district in my charge.

A CONVINCING REPLY.

"These supplies were rendered superfluous by the abandonment of my line, and I was censured by the engineer-in-chief and subsequently by the members of the Royal Commission that was appointed to investigate the expenditures incurred in connection with the exploratory surveys made for the Canadian Pacific Railway. Both the engineer-in-chief and the commissioners being quite ignorant of the country, etc., where and for what purposes these supplies were to be used, I think a sufficient answer to their fault-finding with me is that when the Canadian Pacific Railway took the railway out of the hands of the government, and got its location from Vancouver to Revelstoke back to my line, and then got entangled in the Rogers

and Kicking Horse Passes, they used during the location and construction, through only a portion of my former district, a very much larger quantity of similar supplies.

OUTWITTING THE PACKERS.

"To have these large quantities of supplies available for the surveys through the Yellowhead Pass, and to transport my engineers and men and their outfits from the Columbia to the Athabasca River, it was imperatively necessary that I should obtain possession of the pack animals then conveying the supplies to Kinbasket's Landing before the packers who owned the animals knew of the change that had been made in the surveys by the adoption of the Yellowhead Pass, and of the 'fix' I was in for pack animals to convey the supplies from the Columbia River to the Yellowhead Pass, for there were no other pack animals nor packers available, and if the packers knew how I was then placed they would have either extorted very high transportation charges or have done the same for their animals.

"I hurried on from Portland to Wallula by steamer, thence via Walla Walla to Colville, where I engaged Captain A. T. Pingston and a party of boat men to navigate the boats I had ordered to be built during the past winter at the depot at Howse Pass, and had instructed Mr. Gillette to have them sent up to Kinbasket's Landing. I then went on, travelling on horseback, to Wild Horse Creek, the Columbia Lakes, etc., to Kinbasket's Landing, where I found the boats awaiting me.

"On my way up I overtook the different trains of pack animals, which I purchased, and engaged all the packers, thereby getting possession of upwards of four hundred pack animals, all in splendid condition, with their rigging complete, and experienced packers to handle them. I thus got out of the serious 'fix' I was in regarding transportation.

"OCEAN TO OCEAN."

"My next and most serious difficulty was to open a pack trail along the right or easterly bank of the Columbia River, where the navigation was too dangerous to convey the supplies in boats. The country through which the trail had to be constructed was rough and heavily timbered, which made the work of opening it tedious and expensive, and, as the misbehavior of the men obliged me to dismiss them, my working party was very small, and the construction of the trail proceeded with exasperating slowness.

"When the trail was opened to Kinbasket Lake, I was sorry to lose the services of Mr. Gillette. Mr. Ashdown Green took his position as engineer in charge of the party. I now left with three Indians for the Yellowhead Pass, as I expected to meet the engineer-in-chief, who had informed me that he proposed, during the autumn, to journey through the Yellowhead Pass. A description of his journey was written by the Rev. George M. Grant, principal of Queen's University, Kingston, and entitled 'Ocean to Ocean.'

EXPERIENCED FRONTIERSMEN ENGAGED.

"Previous to my leaving Victoria I had engaged and instructed Mr. William Cameron McCord, an able, trusty and experienced mountaineer, miner and frontiersman, to equip a party of axemen and a pack train, and open a pack trail by the valleys of the North Thompson and Abreda rivers



1861. Canoe with mails, Yale, B.C.



1881. Cariboo Mail Stage, Spuzzum, B. C.



1901. "Imperial Limited" Mail Train, Kicking Horse Canyon, B. C.

to and through the Yellowhead Pass, where I promised to meet him as soon as I could get away from the Columbia River.

"On leaving Kinbasket Lake with my Indians, who carried very light packs containing only a pair of blankets each, a little tea, salt and flour, we ascended and crossed over the high mountain spur that rises to a great elevation between the waters of the Columbia and those of the Wood or Portage River, and made in as direct a line as possible for the Athabasca Pass, between Mounts Brown and Hooker. This line of travel we took in order to avoid the long way by the valley of the Columbia to the boat encampment, and thence by the old trail of the Northwest Fur Company of Montreal by the valley of the Wood River to the foot of Mount Brown.

"The steep ascent of this mountain side from Kinbasket Lake was extremely toilsome, and we suffered dreadfully for want of water. The exposed, scantily-timbered, rocky face of the mountain, with the sun beating down on us and making the rocks hot, combined with myriads of black flies, rendered this climb trying in the extreme.

A MEMORABLE SIGHT.

"When we got high up the mountain, and just before entering a very elevated pass, we had a magnificent view over the northerly portion of the Selkirk Range, and also of the easterly side of the Gold, and the westerly side of the Rocky Mountains, and, as the sun was shining brightly, the sky blue and the atmosphere clear, the innumerable peaks and sea of mountains visible, covered with snow and glaciers glittering in places, together with the deep green forests which clothed the lower portions of the mountain ranges, and the Columbia River, like a silver ribbon, wending its way through the deep, narrow gorge far below us, impressed me with what stupendous grandeur primeval Nature is endowed.

"I have read descriptions of the mountains of British Columbia as given by different 'globe trotters,' who rush through the country at the bottoms of some of the valleys traversed by the railways, which, although affording truly grand and striking scenery, are not to be compared with those that can be obtained from higher altitudes. I would recommend these globe trotters to climb up above the timber line and then expand their gushings in describing the unexplored and more inaccessible places.

NAUSEATING EXPERIENCE.

"We camped on the bank of a lovely stream flowing through a park-like valley, or rather opening through the mountain spur, at an elevation above the sea of probably six thousand feet. The following morning we pursued our way for some distance through this valley, and then reached the northerly steep declivity of the mountain, down which we went, following the dry bed of a watercourse which had been cut by the water from the melting snows during the early part of countless summers.

"On reaching the bottom of the valley of the Wood River we had to wade for some distance through the stagnant water containing some reddish-brown substance—probably decomposed iron ore—of a disagreeable nature, and shortly after reached the Wood River, into which we plunged to free ourselves of as much as possible of the nauseous substance which painted us. We followed along the south bank of the river for some distance and then constructed a raft and crossed to the north bank,

which we followed until we reached the foot of Mount Brown and found the trail of the old fur traders going up the steep mountain, and then we camped and cooked a porcupine which we found at this place.

CARIBOU SHOT AND TREE-TOP CACHE BUILT.

"The next forenoon, when we had nearly gained the summit of the pass, in the vicinity of 'The Committee's Punch Bowl,' we shot two fine caribou. As our footgear was in a sadly dilapidated condition, and our feet very sore, we decided to camp and make moccasins out of the green hides, and dry and smoke the caribou meat to provision us for the rest of the journey, and cache a quantity of the meat on a platform we constructed at the top of three trees, which we stripped of their bark and branches to keep it out of reach of those thieves of the forest—the wolverines—and to supply us with meat on our return journey.

"We now travelled along the easterly side of Mount Brown, and leaving the Athabasca Pass, crossed a high ridge and then, following a well-beaten Caribou trail, descended a steep declivity on the north side of the ridge, over a large deposit of perpetual snow, in which we saw some recent tracks of caribou, and arrived in a beautiful valley surrounded with grand and magnificent scenery. Here we camped at a small spring that is the true source of the Fraser River. Shortly after we camped, one of my Indians shot two caribou and I shot one.

"For some considerable distance next day the travelling was fairly good, but in the afternoon we got into thick timber and the valley became narrow, down which the river, which had rapidly increased in volume, dashed and roared at a great rate through the canyons.

CAREFUL INDIANS—WANTON WHITE MEN.

"Shortly before we camped we noticed a bush fire, which was, so my Indians informed me, in the neighborhood of Yellowhead Lake, and was a certain indication that white men were in that neighborhood, for the Indian is careful not to burn the forest which the white man so recklessly and wantonly destroys.

"At the break of day the fire, fanned by a wind from the north, had approached rapidly in our direction, and the valley was filled with smoke. To remain in the thick timber meant being burned to death, so we made a hurried detour by a bare place on the side of an adjoining mountain, which enabled us to get behind the blazing and roaring fire. After travelling some distance along the side of the mountain we descended to the valley to resume our way through the blackened and smouldering remains of what had been, a few hours before, a dense, beautiful green forest.

HEARD THE BELL-MARE'S BELL.

"My feet had not recovered from the chafing they got when we were accomplishing the first portion of this journey, and, as we proceeded through the smouldering remains of the forest, they became very sore and painful. In the afternoon we reached a smaller stream than the one we had been following, and which flowed from the eastward, and I knew it must be the Fraser River. We all plunged into it to wash off the ashes and other filth with which we were covered and begrimed, and to relieve our sore and blistered feet.

"Shortly after reaching the bank of the Fraser River, I heard the tinkling of a bell, which I knew must be attached to a mare, known as the bell-mare, that always leads the mule trains, for the mules will always follow the bell-mare when travelling, and when turned out to grass will not stray away from her.

WHY MR. BROWN BECAME A "MAC."

"We waded across the Fraser River and met the pack train, which I found was conveying supplies to Mr. McCord's camp of trail-makers, then on the shore of the Yellowhead Lake, a short distance east of us.



Spence's Bridge—a remarkable structure built across the Thompson River by Mr. Spence, and named after him.

I asked the man who was in charge of the train—the cargadore, as he is designated—what his name was, when he informed me that it was MacBrown. I told him that I had met many different Macs in my life, but it had never been my luck to meet a MacBrown before. He gave me the following explanation of how he had obtained his uncommon name. When Mr. Roderick McLennan, who was the previous year in charge of the exploratory party, was up the North Thompson River and the Yellowhead Pass, he was engaging men, and Mr. Brown, who was an American from the State of Maine, and wished to obtain employment, observed that Mr.

McLennan appeared to have a strong feeling in favor of men who had the prefix of Mac to their names. Mr. Brown thought his chance of obtaining employment would be greatly enhanced if he became a Mac, and, therefore, on his applying to Mr. McLennan, he gave his name as Mac-Brown and was employed.

LINE SURVEYED WEST OF TETE JAUNE CACHE.

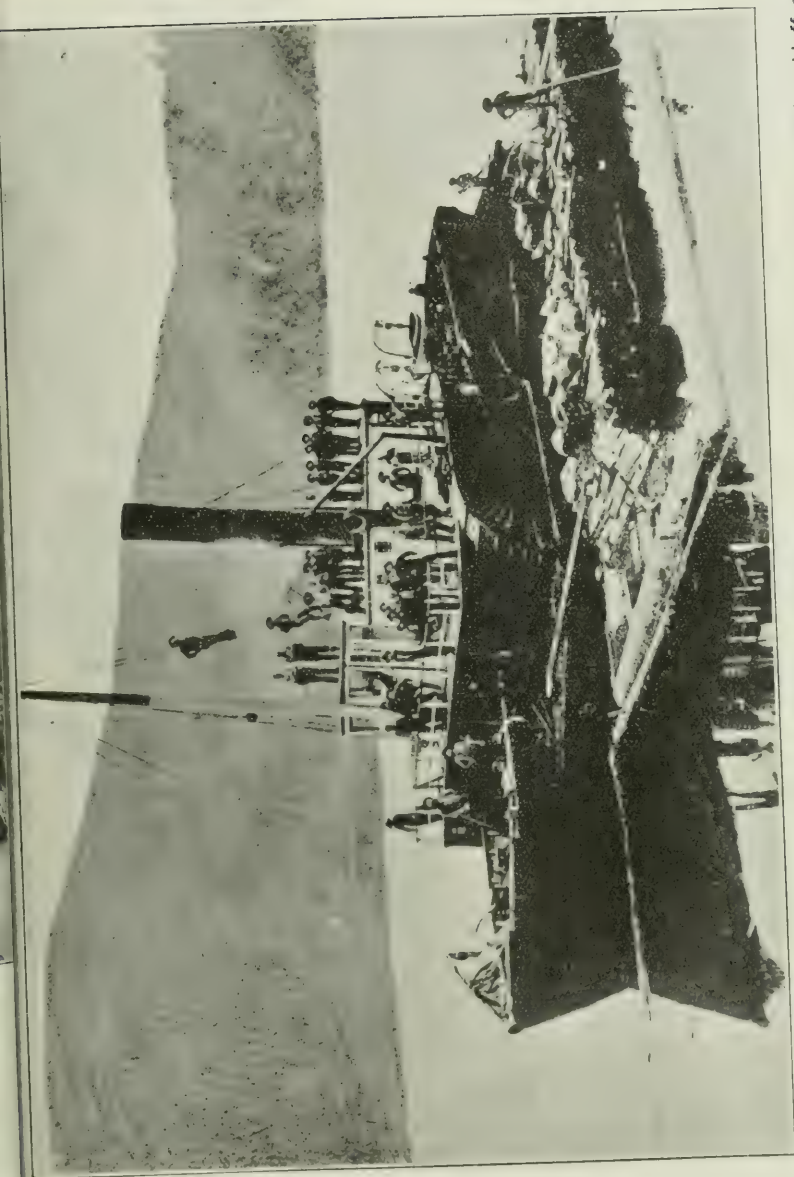
"Taking a riding horse out of the train, I soon reached Mr. McCord's camp and heard that Mr. Mohun had the line surveyed west of the Tete Jaune Cache as far as Moose Lake, and I at once sent a letter to him



Suspension Bridge.

requesting him to meet me the following day at McCord's camp. I now found the engineer-in-chief had not yet passed through the Yellowhead Pass on his way to the coast.

"I remained the following day at Mr. McCord's camp to see Mr. Mohun, and to doctor my feet, and then, taking some of Mr. McCord's horses, I proceeded with my Indians along the much-obstructed trail over the summit and down the valley of the Nuette and Athabasca rivers to meet the engineer-in-chief, and to ascertain where the best place would be



Picture of the historic Beaver, built in 1835, in her later years after she had been converted. Captain George Marchant, a bluff and typically British mariner, who came out to Esquimalt as one of the crew of a warship nearly fifty years ago, and who skippered the old Beaver for years, is seen in charge of her in this picture. He is a resident of Vancouver.

to build a depot on the banks of the Athabasca River to winter my parties in."

"When I reached a point a few miles west of Jasper House, I came on fresh tracks of men and horses, which convinced me and my Indians that they were those of men from the east, or, as the Indians designated them, Moneasses, a not altogether complimentary term. I at once retraced my way and reached the Snaring River some time after dark, when I camped and sent on my Indian hunter with a note to ascertain if the travellers were those I was seeking. Late in the night the Indian returned and brought me a note from the engineer-in-charge, which gave me the desired information, and the following forenoon I overtook the party as they were entering the valley of the Nuette River.

DR. GRANT AND HIS DILAPIDATED PACK TRAIN.

"The first person I overtook was that estimable gentleman, the late Dr. George M. Grant, whose writings are extensively known. The doctor was on foot with a long stick in his hand, driving some worn-out and very dilapidated pack-animals. The other members of the party were supposed to be ahead, so I pushed on to overtake them, but, as they had missed the trail, they were in reality behind us. I, however, went on for a few miles, improving the trail as I progressed, and, coming to a meadow where there was good grass for the animals, I awaited the arrival of the party.

"After lunch I pushed on with my Indians, clearing the trail of fallen timber as I went, and stopped near a point at which we would have to cross the river. The party did not arrive for some time afterwards, and I sent an Indian back to ascertain what had caused their delay.

"Next morning being Sunday, and the grass being very poor and scanty, I proposed that we should go on to Mr. McCord's camp, where we could find plenty of food for man and beast, and generally be 'in clover.' My suggestion was acted upon, and we reached the camp early in the day and had a good rest and I was enabled to give the engineer-in-chief an account of my proceedings since I left Victoria, and the difficulties I had passed through and was experiencing in getting my parties and supplies out from the Columbia River.

"Fresh pack animals and riding horses and packers were now provided for the whole party, and next morning we all started for Mr. Mohun's camp, which proved to be farther away than I anticipated and consequently I did not reach the camp until some hours after dark, and the rest of the party kept dropping in at different times during the succeeding three or four hours. They were in an excessively bad humor and blamed me for not telling them how far they had to go, when I did not know myself, as they had heard at Mr. McCord's camp as much as I had regarding the trail.

ANXIETY ABOUT MEN AND ANIMALS.

"I was now getting very anxious about my men and animals, who were making their way through the rough and inhospitable country between Kinbasket Lake and the Yellowhead Pass, and explained to the engineer-in-chief the urgent necessity there was for my immediate return to the Columbia River to look after them. He expressed himself as being much dissatisfied that I had not got the survey farther advanced, and appeared to think I should have accomplished what it was impossible to do, and

even said I should not have attempted to take my party and supplies through the Athabasca Pass, which he himself had indicated, when I was ordered to abandon the surveys on the Eagle Pass line and take charge of the surveys of the Yellowhead line.

"I felt so disgusted with the engineer-in-chief for abandoning the line I knew was the right one to adopt, and then at his finding fault with me for not pushing forward the surveys of the Yellowhead line faster when I had done my utmost to carry out his instructions, that I was on the point of leaving the service, which I should have done there and then had I not known the very critical position my men and animals were in on their way by the Athabasca Pass, and how much they relied upon me to see them safely through.

HUNGRY GRIZZLIES AND HEAVY SNOW.

"I now returned to Mr. McCord's camp, and the following day reached the Athabasca River near the site of the old Henry House. The weather had now become very cold and everything indicated a snow-storm. I hurried on through the valleys of the Athabasca and Whirlpool rivers. I met a large herd of caribou and a bear on my way through the valley of the Whirlpool River, and, in the evening of the third day from McCord's camp, reached the place where we had killed the caribou and cached the meat to supply us with meat on our return journey. Grizzly bears had, however, eaten up all the meat, and we had a very meagre supper.

"Before daylight the snow began to fall heavily, and I pushed on, expecting to meet my party and pack animals at the foot of Mount Brown, but they were not there. Being greatly disappointed at, to me, the unaccountably slow progress the whole outfit had made since I left them at Kinbasket Lake, we travelled all day until we reached a point not far from the Boat Encampment, and then endeavored to cross the mountain spur between the Wood and the Columbia rivers, in order to shorten the distance, but, as night came on, and the underbrush was dense and the fallen timber very obstructive, we were compelled to stop in the bush, where our half-famished horses had nothing to eat. Early next morning we heard the sound of a mule bell, and, by returning to and wading down the river, soon heard the sound of chopping, and on a high bank on the south side of the river found that Mr. Green and the survey party he had charge of were at work constructing buildings to winter in, as he had concluded from my long absence that they would have to pass the winter on the Columbia River.

TOUCH AND GO.

"I knew now that it was touch and go if we could go through the high Athabasca Pass, but I determined to take the risk, and at once instructed Mr. Green with his survey party and the necessary pack animals to start at once for the Athabasca River, and also order all the packers in charge of the large trains of pack animals and supplies to get everything forwarded over the summit of the Athabasca Pass in order that they could, during the winter, be conveyed by dog-trains along the frozen Whirlpool and Athabasca rivers to the depot I had instructed Mr. McCord to build about a mile and a half below where, in bygone years, stood the old Henry House.

"With Mr. Green's survey party and my little outfit of Indians, I started back from the Athabasca River, and, as I travelled much faster than he did, I pushed on ahead in order to get back and have the survey of the line from the summit of the Yellowhead Pass made by Mr. Mohun's party before the snow fell. I arrived where Mr. McCord had commenced the construction of the buildings for the different parties to winter in, late in the night of the third day after leaving Mr. Green's party. I was astonished to learn from him that the survey party under Mr. Mohun had started on their return to Victoria.

"This was to me at that time incomprehensible, as I had given the engineer in charge of the party definite instructions about the work I wished to have done during the winter, by pushing forward the surveys in that inclement season of the year, and which I had promised the engineer-in-chief that I would have carried out.

"Next morning at the break of day, with my two Indians and nearly worn-out horses, I started to try and overtake and bring back the party. On my way I met a messenger from the engineer-in-chief, telling me he had changed his mind regarding the surveys of the line through the Yellowhead Pass, and instructing me to bring out my parties and most of the pack animals and report at Kamloops, and place the supplies and some of the pack animals in the hands of a man in whom I had confidence.

WISE DISOBEDIENCE.

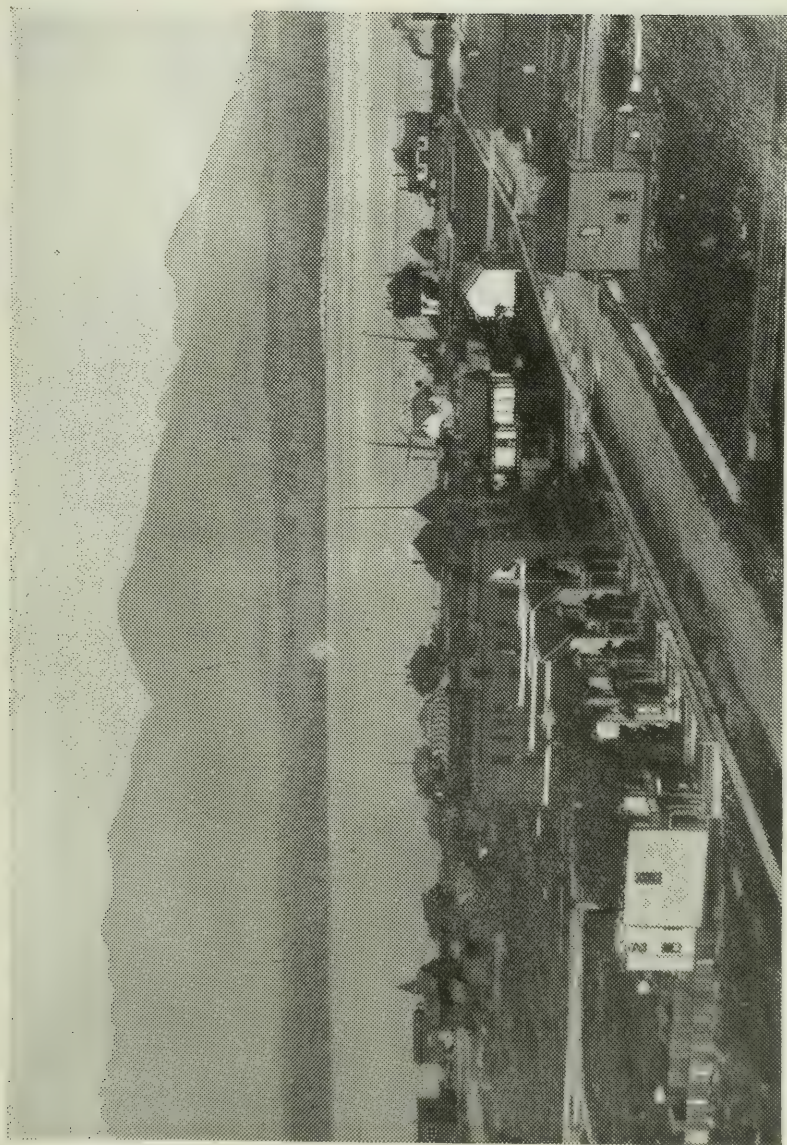
"These peculiar orders it was simply impossible for me to carry out. The winter had set in with heavy falls of snow in the Athabasca Pass, through which my men and animals were struggling to reach the Athabasca Valley, where grass for the animals could be obtained, and when they did reach it they were in a weakened condition. In the valley of the North Thompson and Albreda rivers and the Yellowhead Pass the grasses would all be covered with snow except the lower portion of the valley of the North Thompson River, and had I attempted to carry out the orders sent to me by the engineer-in-chief, I should certainly have lost all my animals and, perhaps, the lives of some of the men, which was a responsibility I would not assume, and, therefore, was compelled to remain in the Yellowhead Pass.

KEEPING FAITH WITH EMPLOYEES.

"It is impossible for me to express how much I wished at this time to discontinue my connection with the engineer-in-chief, and I should have done so if I had not thought it would be unfair to all my employees, who had served me so faithfully, and to the Dominion Government.

"I subsequently learned that it was instructions from the engineer-in-chief to Mr. Mohun after I parted with the former at Moose Lake that caused Mr. Mohun, on reaching the divide in the Yellowhead Pass, to discontinue his survey and return to Victoria.

"I kept my party at work until the end of December, when the snow had reached the Fiddle River, and then went into winter quarters at the depot, and had some log huts built at Fiddle River for Mr. McCord's party to winter in. I sent to Edmonton requesting Mr. Richard Hardisty, the chief factor in the Hudson's Bay Company then in charge, to send me dog sleighs to bring the supplies at the headwaters of the Whirlpool



Vancouver twenty-five years ago.

River to the depot, all of which was done, and having completed the plotting of our season's work, I sent the plans off to Edmonton with a letter to Mr. Hardisty requesting him to have them forwarded to Ottawa.

EXPLORER'S INACCURATE REPORT.

"As soon as these documents were sent off, I set the trail party at work, continuing the survey of the line in the direction of the latter place, as I was led to believe from a printed report of an explorer sent out in 1871 by the engineer-in-chief, which he had given me at Moose Lake the previous autumn, that a 'level sandy plain' extended from the Fiddle River to Lac St. Anne. I soon found that the description given in that report and the nature of the country between the Athabasca and the McLeod rivers were very different, as there was a high ridge—a spur of the Rocky Mountains between those two rivers—that made it difficult to get into the valley of the McLeod River. As the line had been gradually ascending this ridge, crossing several formidable ravines, I directed the engineer to go on with the survey and get into the valley of the McLeod River as soon as possible, and I would explore the country ahead and to the eastward.

GOOD NEWS FOR MR. MOBERLY.

"I found a good line could be obtained by keeping much farther to the eastward, without any trouble, but decided to continue the line we were surveying to Victoria. When the line was within a short distance of the McLeod River, I was a short distance ahead when a half-breed met me and handed me a letter from the engineer-in-chief. It informed me that he had received the package forwarded by Mr. Hardisty, and directed me to discontinue the survey easterly and to return to the coast with my party. It also informed me that Mr. Marcus Smith, C.E., had been appointed to take charge of the exploratory surveys in British Columbia. This was joyful news for me, for I saw the way clear to get out of the distasteful occupation of making useless surveys.

"Shortly after receiving the above despatches, I received a letter from Mr. Marcus Smith, informing me of his appointment and requesting me to try and find a line feasible for a railway west from the Tete Jaune Cache into the valley of the Horsefly River, or into the basin of the Quesnel Lake.

"We all started on our return journey, and on our way back, when we got east of Moose Lake, I directed Mr. Green to make a short survey along the south bank of the Fraser, whilst I went up to the head waters of the canyon, and those of the North Thompson River, to see if I could find a pass in the direction Mr. Smith desired.

THROUGH "BLACK CANYON" TO "BLUE PRAIRIE."

"Taking my three Indians with me, I proceeded to explore the country at the headwaters of the Canoe River, and very soon found there was no pass in that direction. I then went to the forks of the Albreda and North Thompson rivers, and up the valley of the latter. I found the country densely timbered and difficult to travel through until we reached a high elevation. I pursued my way until, at a very high elevation, I was surrounded by high-capped peaks and glaciers that presented an impenetrable wall of rock, snow and ice. I returned to the forks of the Thomp-

son and Albreda rivers, where my Indians found an old log canoe, which they patched up, and we decided to run down the North Thompson River in preference to walking to Kamloops, as we found that Mr. Green and the survey party had preceded us. The Indians were expert canoe men, but knew nothing about that river, nor did I, except that the 'Black Canyon' was considered a dangerous place for boats or canoes. We swept down the river in fine style and when we got into the canyon the Indians handled the canoe to perfection. We pursued our way, and soon after dark came to the place where the party were encamped on the 'Blue Prairie.'

END OF MR. MOBERLY'S EXPLORATIONS AND SURVEYS FOR
THE C. P. R.

"Here we left the canoe, and, taking my horses and Indians. I pursued my way, in advance of my party, through a lovely valley to the mouth of the North Thompson River, where I met my commissariat officer, Mr. A. G. Hall. I instructed him to hand over all the pack animals, etc., to Mr. Marcus Smith's agent at Kamloops, and bring me duplicate receipts for the same, and to take all further orders from Mr. Smith. Thus ended all my explorations and surveys for the Canadian Pacific Railway through the mountain region of Canada, and these instructions were the last I gave in connection with that great national railway.

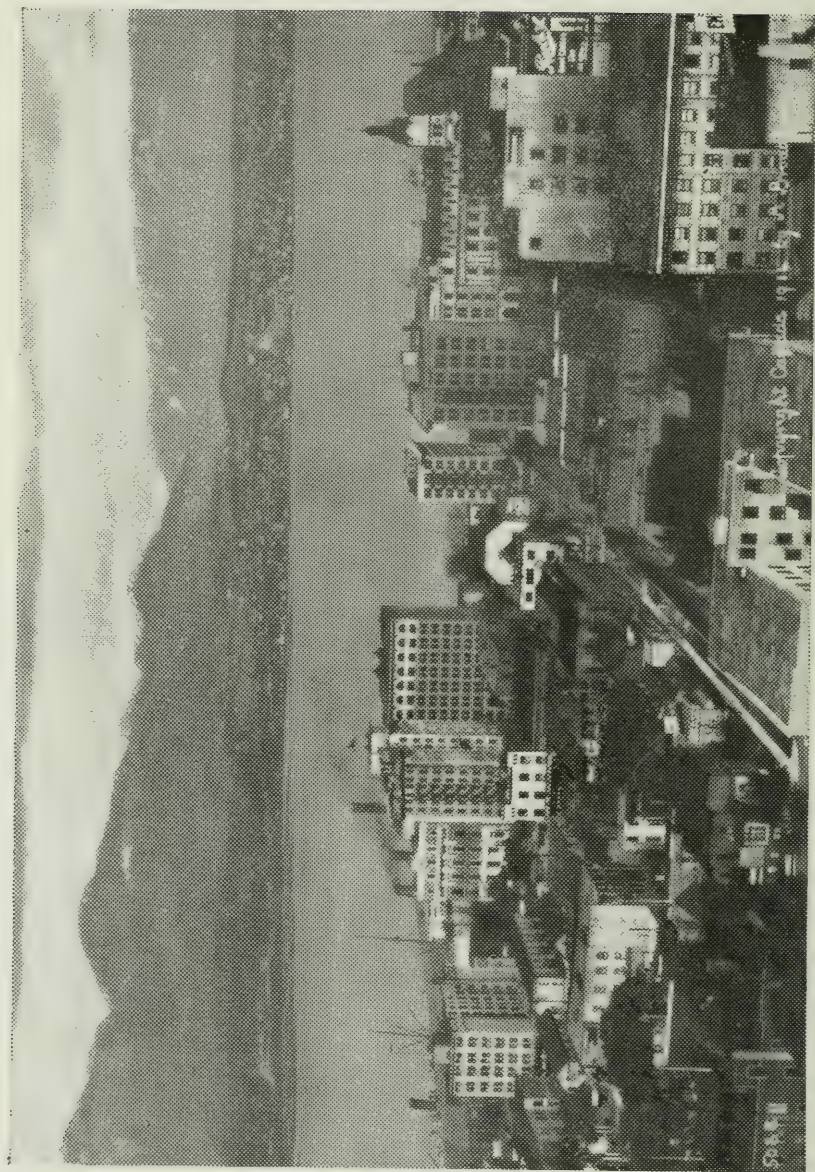
HUDSON'S BAY TRIBUTE.

"As usual for many years, I took up my quarters with my never-failing friends, the officers of the Hon. Hudson's Bay Company, in Fort Kamloops, where I remained a short time. The factor provided me with horses and Indians to take me down to Yale, as that was probably the last opportunity the Hudson's Bay Company would have, in British Columbia, of doing me a service and showing their appreciation of my long social intercourse and business transactions with the company since my arrival in British Columbia in the year 1858.

"On arriving at Victoria I met, and soon formed a very friendly acquaintance with the late Mr. Marcus Smith, which lasted until his death. We shortly afterwards left Victoria for Ottawa and in due course arrived there. I was, as I fully expected, very coldly received by the engineer-in-chief. He, unnecessarily, caused my detention in Ottawa after the auditor had passed my accounts in a manner satisfactory to me. He caused the accounts to be sent to another auditor to be gone over again, and I had to wait because I could not get my hard-earned pay, and actually had to borrow money to pay for my board and lodging.

BADLY TREATED AT OTTAWA.

"After several months the engineer-in-chief sent me a cheque for my pay to the time of the completion of the first auditing and would not pay me anything for the time I had to wait for the second auditing, nor would he pay me anything for the expenses I had incurred during the whole time I had been in Ottawa. I protested at this unjust treatment, but without avail. The unjust treatment I received was not in accordance with the written terms of my engagement, made in 1871, and I was defrauded out of a large amount, which the Dominion Government still owes me.



Vancouver as it is today. Picture taken of same part shown in last illustration.

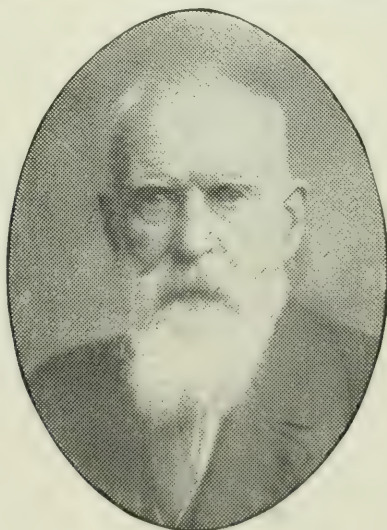
"I made my headquarters in Winnipeg for the purpose of getting a personal knowledge of the country west from Lake Superior to the Rocky Mountains, which I obtained, and also of the line the engineer-in-chief was trying to have adopted via Selkirk, the Narrows of Lake Manitoba and thence northerly. I did my utmost, in various ways, to get the line adopted back to my line in order that Winnipeg should be on the main line and the valley of the Columbia reached, which would necessitate the line passing through the Eagle Pass and thence to Vancouver. My exertions finally led to the adoption of the present line from Revelstoke to Vancouver, where it terminates at the magnificent harbor of Burrard Inlet and has brought into existence the flourishing and beautiful City of Vancouver, which is destined to be the finest commercial and most progressive city of the Dominion of Canada, and from which other important railways will radiate—the city part of whose site I pre-empted in 1859 when I had diggings made to try and find coal in 'Coal Harbor.' "



FIVE AND FIFTY YEARS AGO.

MORE than half a century ago two comparatively young white men, accompanied by two Indians, turned the bow of their canoe from Burrard Inlet and up the North Arm. It was a glorious day in the August of 1859, and, as vista after vista of sparkling water, towering mountain and green forest opened to their view, what time they paddled northward, exclamations of pleasure and satisfaction escaped them. It was a big canoe and all four were powerful paddlers, so that the light craft skimmed over the surface of the water at a fine pace and the afternoon saw them bursting upon those beautiful, lagoon-like parts of the Arm which open out near its head.

They landed near the spot where, more than fifty years later, the picturesque Wigwam Inn and its pretty grounds were to lend a comfortable,



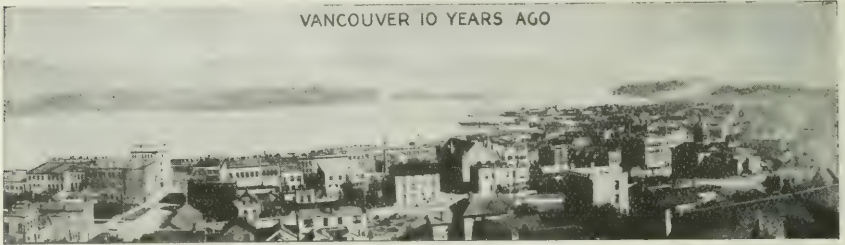
Walter Moberly, present day.

human touch to their rather rugged environment and suggest to the approaching visitor or guest rest and refreshment. Climbing up the bank, the party of four proceeded along the bed of a shallow stream for, perhaps, a quarter of a mile, into a declivity in the mountain, until their progress was arrested by one of the most beautiful bridal falls to be found in this part of the world. The white men stood for some minutes lost in admiration. The Indians (who were Capilanos) had probably seen the falls, which have since become so familiar to many visitors, before. Hale and hearty and in the full flush of early manhood, the two explorers proceeded to climb to

the top of the mountain, a pretty tough scramble, to see if they could find the Chickamen (money) stone.

THE BRIDAL FALL AND CHICKAMEN STONE.

Fifty-five years, full of varied and adventurous happenings, rolled between and then, upon a recent Sunday, a white-haired, white-bearded veteran of eighty-five was heartily welcomed at the landing before the Wigwam Inn by genial Mr. Dickens, whose pretty residence nestles near at hand, the only other habitation within a wide radius. Anon,



the old man stood with his host and his friends at the foot of those delicately traced falls, the water of which has been falling, falling, falling without ceasing ever since that first visit, and will be falling, falling long after Mr. Walter Moberly and the youngest of you who may have read the story of his strenuous life have passed to the bourne from which no traveller returns. Lieutenant Burnaby (whose name is perpetuated in a well known municipality near Vancouver) passed to that bourne many years ago. He was the white man who accompanied Mr. Moberly upon that first voyage of discovery up the North Arm at a time when no white man lived nearer than New Westminster, which itself was but a series of clearings and roughly erected wooden buildings. And Mr. Moberly had never revisited the falls until this Sunday to which reference has just been made. It was upon the advice of the Indians that gold was to be found up the mountain at the back of and above those falls, that Moberly and Burnaby spent sometime searching for the Chickamen (which, in Chinook jargon, means money) stone.

THE END OF THE STORY.

And so, my friends, we have nearly arrived at the end of the story of British Columbia's most notable pathfinder. We have arrived at the end, that is, of the public work he was responsible for, the work which led to the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway. It is true that he was still only in the forties when he left this province and for many years made Winnipeg—then a city of 8,000 or 9,000 inhabitants and unconnected by railway with the rest of Canada—his home, and that for the next thirty years he lived a very active and interesting and, often, adventurous life, which, some day, may supply material for another series of stories. These particular chapters of that life are, however, concerned almost entirely with the explorations and preparations for the laying of steel which was to link ocean with ocean. But, as the reader who has read so far will probably be interested to know what Mr. Moberly did after leaving the service, I will give a brief summary before concluding.

MR. MOBERLY BUILT WINNIPEG'S FIRST SEWERS.

The year that followed his arrival at Winnipeg, Mr. Moberly spent in general exploration work in the country round about, and then, as his next considerable task, he contracted to build the first sewers that Winnipeg ever had. "Perhaps that sounds a bigger undertaking than it really was," laughed the veteran when telling me about the contract, "for there were not many thousands of people in Winnipeg then." "But," he added with satisfaction, "many of those wooden pipes of white pine and spruce are in use today, and I remember shortly before I left Winnipeg—I think it was in '96—being shown a section of one which had been taken up, and it was as sound as the day that it was put in." Veteran pioneers who were resident in Winnipeg at the time when this contract was fulfilled have told me of the very fine and conscientious job Mr. Moberly made of it, though, as in the case of most things he has touched, he made very little profit.

OTHER RAILWAYS.

He then took the contract to build a short line of railway along the Grand Rapid. Steamers used to run from Winnipeg to the foot of the Grand Rapid and then the freight was carried over this tramway to the steamers at the other end. At that time several big railways were endeavoring to get a charter to come into Winnipeg. The nearest railway approach was hundreds of miles away on the American side at Moorehead on the Red River, and travellers came to Winnipeg from Moorehead on steamers by that river. Moorehead was reached from St. Paul. Mr. Moberly made several visits to Ottawa during these years and spent two winters there. Once when he returned to Winnipeg he did so with the intention of getting a charter through for the Southwestern Railway, a railway that was to run in a southerly direction from Winnipeg. He got it through and the railway was built. Mr. David Young was the secretary, and General Hammond, a Southerner, took charge. Mr. Moberly made the track surveys and then fell out with Young and left the service of the company. Shortly afterwards that well-known railway magnate, Mr. James Hill, took control of the road.

CHATS WITH SIR JOHN: "YOU ARE A LOT OF SPECULATORS."

During his several visits to Ottawa, Mr. Moberly saw a great deal of Sir John A. Macdonald, who was then in Opposition, dining with him nearly every Sunday and discussing railway matters at length. "Perhaps I cannot claim to have suggested to Sir John the idea of taking the building of the railway to and through British Columbia out of the hands of the Dominion Government and forming a company to conduct the undertaking," observed Mr. Moberly, "but I know that frequently in conversation with him I favored the idea and that we often discussed it. I told him that I had no confidence that a government would ever carry it through. Mackenzie was at that time trying to do so in dribbles and by the use of water stretches. I have spent hours again and again discussing this matter with Sir John, and I always laid particular stress upon the certainty that British Columbia would go out of Confederation if the railway did not go through." In reply to a question, Mr. Moberly said that he knew Premier Mackenzie well and, while in Ottawa, used to visit at his house and play whist with him. "He was a very quiet man out of politics,"

observed the explorer. "I remember he said to me more than once, 'Moberly, you seem to be a lot of speculators in B. C.' I wonder what he would have said if he had lived to see the B. C. of today and its speculation," laughed the explorer:

AN AMOR DE COSMOS JOKE.

Mr. Moberly told me of one amusing dinner party at Sir John's Ottawa residence at which he was present and at which a one-time singular parliamentarian and premier of British Columbia figured—Mr. Amor de Cosmos. "This was a dinner given by Sir John in honor of the members from British Columbia," observed Mr. Moberly, "and among the members present were Mr. Amor de Cosmos and the Hon. Edgar Dewdney—Mr. Dewdney will remember the humor of the situation well, I expect. As you know, Mr. de Cosmos, who was a striking looking man, changed his name from Smith to Amor de Cosmos (or Lover of the World), by which name he was ever afterwards known. The story of the change was also known, and at that particular dinner the company included Captain Hamilton, a brother of Lady Dufferin. Mr. de Cosmos had not put in an appearance, and Captain Hamilton, who was interested in the story, was inquiring all about it when de Cosmos came through a door at the captain's back and at the other end of the room and took his seat quietly.

"Sir John was facing and saw him enter, but Captain Hamilton did not and continued to chat about the change of name with a good deal of humor, and to the general discomfiture of all who knew that the subject of the conversation was now at the table." Mr. Moberly laughed heartily at the recollection which this conjured up. "I can see Sir John now," he said, with reminiscent gusto. "He was at the head of the table and Captain Hamilton about two removes down the table, and Mr. de Cosmos only a few removes further down on the same side. It was clearly impossible to call the captain's attention to the fact by speech, and the diners on either side the captain had not noticed the new arrival. So Sir John slowly slid down his chair in an apparent effort to pick something up, until his long nose was nearly level with the table, and, reaching under the table past his left hand guest, he gave the captain a kick. The latter started, Sir John slowly resumed his position and—Mr. Amor de Cosmos, who must have been perfectly aware of the incident and its cause, never moved a muscle of his face."

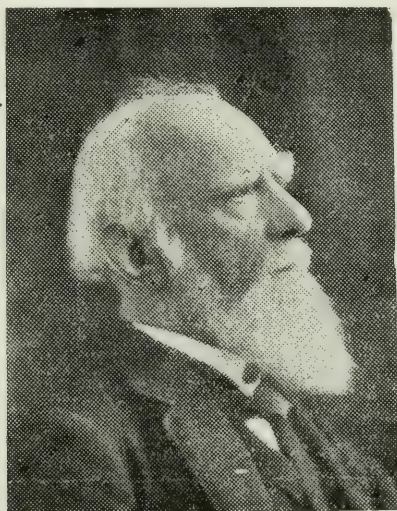
DISCRETION WINS THE DAY.

It was during these few years of which we have been speaking that Donald A. Smith (later known as Lord Strathcona), then Chief Commissioner of the Hudson's Bay Company and resident on Silver Heights, Winnipeg, ran for a seat in the Dominion Legislature and, after a very exciting contest, was returned by a majority of nine, his opponent upon that occasion being Governor Morris. Mr. Moberly, who knew the G. O. M. of Canada well personally, and who had shortly before completed the sewer contract to which reference has been made, threw himself into the fight with great enthusiasm. The transcontinental railway was the issue upon which the election was fought, and the North Ward of Winnipeg turned the day in favor of the future peer. In this ward were resident many of the men who had been working for Mr. Moberly during the

carrying out of the sewer contract, and he spent much time canvassing there for his candidate. This ward polled a solid 35 majority for Donald A. Smith and enabled him to carry the day, though he was defeated the following year. There are certain moments when a man is sorely tempted to throw discretion to the winds for the sake of a really good story, and here is just such a moment. I have read over this rather bald paragraph and have been sitting for five minutes wondering whether I should or should not tell the real underlying story of that victory, as Mr. Moberly told it to me. It would make fine reading. But, while not definitely pledging me to secrecy, he does not desire it as there are people still living, etc.—so discretion shall win the day this time.

BACK TO VANCOUVER.

Incidentally Mr. Moberly told me of pleasant times spent at Sir Donald's residence at Ottawa, called "Bank Cottage," because it was



Lord Strathcona, the G. O. M., of Canada, in his old age.

situated near the Bank of Montreal, where open house appears to have been the order of the day. Mr. Moberly acted as architect and contractor during the years that followed in Winnipeg, and erected quite a number of buildings there. Then came the Klondyke excitement and he decided to return to his old love, Vancouver, which he did in the late nineties. A dozen years or so earlier the first train had run through to the coast, and for the first time Mr. Moberly now travelled through this province over a railway towards the building of which he had done so much preparatory work. Still keenly interested in railways, he went to work later to get a charter from the Provincial Government for a proposed railway to Alaska, the Vancouver-Northern-Yukon Railway. Through the efforts of himself and others this charter was procured. The line was never built, but the Pacific Great Eastern, which is now being constructed,

is being built in the direction the other line would have gone in. He has been associated with other undertakings, but, from a public standpoint, this is the end of his story.

A HEARTY TRIBUTE.

Just here let me make a quotation from a substantial and beautifully printed and illustrated and authoritative volume entitled "The Selkirk Range, British Columbia" (by A. O. Wheeler, F.R.C.S.), which contains many extracts from Mr. Moberly's official reports and which pays more than one tribute to his work. "Mr. Moberly took no further part in great public enterprises. The good work that he did and the prominent part that he took in opening up and giving access to the resources of the interior of British Columbia have never been fully recognized. To realize the difficulties he encountered, the years of toil, hardship and privation he endured, it is necessary to visit the wilderness of mountains, the trackless forests and jungles and the dangerous waterways comprising the territory over which he worked, and, even then, the strides of civilization have been so great of recent years that it is difficult to picture these wilds as they were when they were only inhabited by Indians and by wild beasts and when the influx of the white man was a slow and difficult process." Incidentally I may mention that there is chapter and verse for most of the statements with reference to the explorations and surveys made by him in preparation for the building of the railway, this being contained in the old Crown Colony reports and the reports of the surveys for the railway made by Mr. Moberly to Ottawa and published by the C. P. R.

ORIGIN OF TETE JAUNE CACHE.

The last camp that Mr. Moberly made when running the last line in the surveys he made for the future C. P. R., was at Tete Jaune Cache in the Yellowhead. I asked him to tell me the origin of this curious name. "Yellowhead," he replied, "was the nickname of a trapper who, in the early days, was in the service of the North West Company, and his headquarters were at what is now known as Tete Jaune Cache, the French for Yellowhead. There he had the cache where he cached his beaver skins. It used to be called Leather Pass, for it was a great country for moose and these and other skins were collected at Jasper House, an important trading post in the early days. Then, in the spring, they would float these skins down to Fort Assiniboine."

B. C.'S LACK OF APPRECIATION: THE OLD TALE.

And so I might wander on, introducing little tid-bits of interesting old-time information which the veteran has given me during our chats and which I have made notes of and placed aside for use in this last chapter—but one must stop somewhere. In taking leave of the octogenarian explorer I would like (very lightly and without asking his permission, for he is now, as he has been all his life, a man of sturdy independence) to suggest, as the writer of the volume from which I have just quoted also suggests, that the services rendered by Walter Moberly to the Province of British Columbia have never been fully realized or recognized. Mr. Moberly himself would be the last person to desire one to touch here upon personal circumstances, but, when it is recalled that he spent all his own money upon the first

voluntary explorations in this province, that he lost heavily, through no fault of his own, over his Caribóo Road undertaking, which has been of such importance to the province, that he emerged from his C. P. R. explorations and surveys a comparatively poor man—all public works of inestimable value to British Columbia—and that he is now in very poor circumstances, though he has admiring friends, some of them prominent in the public life of the city and province, who would not see him want, it reflects but poorly upon the generosity of the province which owes him so much, and which has enabled so many infinitely less deserving men to acquire wealth. It is, alas, too familiar a tale in the world's history.

A NOTE OF TRIUMPH.

But let the story of the pathfinder's life close upon a different note. For one concluding moment let us shut our eyes and try to visualize what the forging of this greatest railway of the world, in order that it might connect ocean with ocean, has meant to British Columbia; let us picture in our mind's eye the "sea of mountains," of which we have talked so much, untouched by the sophisticated magic of those two parallel bands of steel; let us think of the hardship and courage and, often, of the sacrifice that went to the preparing of the way and the building of the road; and then let us read this wonderfully expressive poem by the Mohawk poetess, Pauline Johnson, who pitched her tent and sang all her later songs among us, entitled "Prairie Greyhounds":

"C. P. R. 'NO. 1,' WESTBOUND."

"I swing to the sunset lands—
The world of prairie, the world of plain,
The world of promise and hope and gain,
The world of gold and the world of grain,
And the world of the willing hand.

"I carry the brave and bold—
The one who works for the nation's bread,
The one whose past is a thing that's dead,
The one who battles and beats ahead,
And the one who goes for gold.

"I swing to the 'Land to Be,'
I am the power that laid its floors,
I am the guide to its Western stores,
I am the key to its golden doors,
That open alone to me.

"C. P. R. 'NO. 2,' EASTBOUND."

"I swing to the land of morn;
The grey old east with its grey old seas,
The land of leisure, the land of ease,
The land of flowers and fruits and trees,
And the place where we were born.

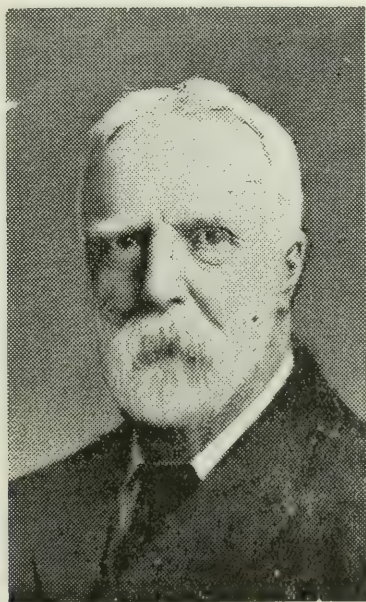
"Freighted with wealth I come;
For he who many a moon has spent
Far out west on adventure bent,
With well-worn pick and folded tent,
Is bringing his bullion home.

"I never will be renowned,
As my twin that swings to the western marts,
For I am she of the humbler parts,
But I am the joy of the waiting hearts;
For I am the Homeward-bound."



BUILDING AN HISTORIC RAILWAY.

THE life story of Mr. Henry J. Cambie, explorer and railway builder, I have recorded in another place and hope soon to publish, together with other pioneer stories, in book form. But, in order that the tale of the preparations and building of the Canadian Pacific Railway may be completely told, he has kindly allowed me to add here the closing portion of his story. Mr. Cambie is an Irishman—a taste of the brogue still clings to him and he cannot lose his Irish sense of humor. He is very nearly eighty years of age, and, despite all that he has gone through, he is still, like Mr. Dewdney, fresh-complexioned and hale. Inci-



Henry J. Cambie, present day.

dentally he is one of the select band of Vancouver's most highly esteemed citizens and, upon a recent occasion, at the annual banquet of the Vancouver Pioneers' Association, Mr. Cambie, Mr. Moberly and Mr. Abbott, another notable British Columbian to whom the C. P. R. owes much and whose name is commemorated in the city and province in various ways, sat together at the head of the table—a striking white-haired triumvirate.

Mr. Cambie, a man who has done things which only a minority of men out here have attempted; who, forty years ago, was exploring through hundreds of miles of territory where a white man had never trod; who, by

general consent, is admitted to be the Grand Old Man of railway construction work in this province, is almost irritatingly modest—from the interviewer's standpoint, at any rate. "Please make it very clear that, though I explored and surveyed and planned much of the course of the Canadian Pacific Railway through a large portion of this province, the only part that was built under my direct supervision was that running through the canyons of the Fraser," he said. The "only" part! Those of you—that means nearly all of you—who know those rugged Fraser canyons with their towering masses of rampart-like rock, through which, and cut into which, the metals wind their sinuous way, alternately far above or close beside the turbulent Fraser as it rushes to the Pacific, will realize that this part of the work was the piece de resistance in driving the line through the province.

Then again, what are you to do with a man who tells you, modestly enough, when talking to you privately and not for publication, a story of daring and determination in connection with planning the line round a certain bluff at Kamloops, a story well worthy of record, and who, when you come to ask him later for further details for publication, refuses them point blank, and, what is more, will not have the incident recorded. And all, forsooth, because he happens to be the principal actor in that drama. It is enough to make an interviewer who has any respect for himself tear his hair. "I think now it is time that we arrived at the driving of the last spike by Lord Strathcona," observed Mr. Cambie upon quite a number of occasions while I was questioning him for details of the trials and tribulations which the engineers had to endure in the course of those strenuous years of building—all by hand, be it remembered—the C. P. R. through British Columbia. I put off the arrival at that spike as long as possible.

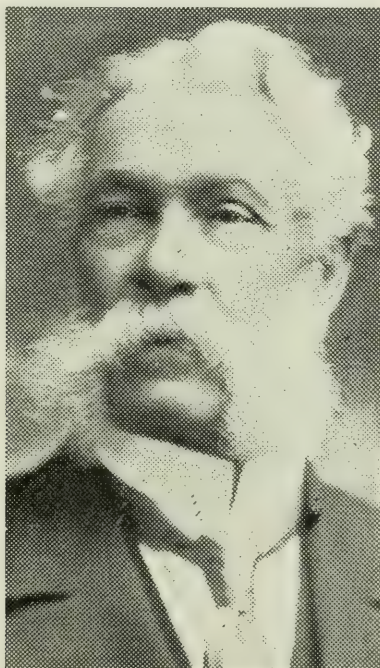
SPLENDID STAFF OF ENGINEERS.

"The Hon. Edgar Dewdney," Mr. Cambie observed in the course of one of our talks, "had much influence with the Dominion Government and with Lord Dufferin, and this influence showed itself very soon, for immediately after Lord Dufferin had returned to Ottawa, I had a telegram from the premier, Mr. Mackenzie—who was also Minister of Railways—to survey the Fraser River route. I think I still have that telegram. I was to survey it from Yellowhead Pass to Port Moody. A start was made that year and the work was completed the following year. Upon this survey we had the finest staff of engineers that ever worked in this country, and I would like to give the names of a few of them: Mr. H. P. Bell, lately connected with the Ottawa Ship Canal; Mr. C. E. Perry, lately of the National Transcontinental Railway to the south of James Bay; Mr. George H. Keefer, lately resident engineer to the department of public works at New Westminster; Mr. W. T. Jennings, of late years prominent upon many public works in Ontario and elsewhere; Mr. Joseph Hunter, late engineer for Mr. James Dunsmuir, and still with the Canadian Collieries; Mr. Brunel and Mr. Gamsby. All these, except Mr. Hunter and myself, have passed away during the last five years. I was, I think, the oldest of the crowd.

MANY GRIZZLIES.

"The information gathered by this survey practically decided the Fraser River route as the one to be adopted. The then government of

Canada, however, having come into power in 1878 and established a national policy, was not in a position to proceed with the construction of a transcontinental railway at once. Accordingly, in order to gain further information with regard to the country and possible routes, I was sent to explore the line by the Skeena valley and the Peace and Pine rivers east of the Rockies. For that purpose I selected Port Simpson as the proper terminus for such a line, and in company with Dr. G. M. Dawson, representing the Geological Survey; Mr. Henry McLeod, an engineer of high standing who still lives in Ottawa, and Dr. G. M. Gordon, the principal of Queen's University, went in canoes up the Skeena River, then by way of Babene and Stewart Lakes to Fort McLeod, where we patched up an old boat which had been abandoned by the Hudson's Bay Company, and drifted down the Parsnip and Peace to the Rocky



Hon. Edgar Dewdney, pioneer, explorer, administrator.

Mountain Canyon, a distance of about 150 miles. There we met a family of Indians hunting and they helped us to portage round the canyon to the Hudson's Bay post known as Hudson's Hope, where we made a raft and drifted another 130 miles to Fort Dunvegan. The last part of the trip was in the beginning of August. The berries on the southern slopes of the hills were beginning to ripen and the number of bears we saw—grizzlies and others—surpassed anything I had ever known or heard of. Often we would see on the banks of the river three or four bears together. However, we had no time for hunting and to have gone ashore with a raft would have lost half a day. We did get one or two black bears, but we were not armed to attack grizzlies.

Here followed an attractive account of Mr. Cambie's interesting and adventurous exploration, but that must be left for another place as this closing chapter is to deal with the actual construction of the great railway through the canyons of the Fraser.

TRIBUTE TO A GREAT ENGINEER.

"I should like to pay a tribute first to some of the fine body of engineers who were associated with me on the work of construction in the same way as I mentioned just now those with me on the surveys—and first and foremost I should mention the chief engineer, Mr. (afterwards Sir Sandford) Fleming, who had directed the surveys for the transcontinental railway from its inception—and was the adviser of the government of Canada in the selection of the route via the Yellow Head Pass. And it might not be amiss here to state some of the salient reasons for so doing.

"In the first place that is the lowest pass through the Rocky Mountains in British Columbia—south of the Peace River. In the second place it is the only one from which the Pacific Ocean can be reached without any adverse grades—that is, descending gradually all the way to the sea, via the Fraser River; or by a line via the Thompson River, with one rise of 300 feet over Albreda Summit—so that it had the best grades. In the third place it was in what was called the fertile belt, all the way from Winnipeg to Edmonton, and the country further to the south was then considered to be barren or nearly so. And in the fourth place it was much farther from the American boundary than the other passes, and there would be less difficulty in borrowing money for its construction as a military road, than had it been near the boundary, as in the cases of the Crow's Nest or Kicking Horse passes.

"Sir Sandford had taken an interest in my welfare since my boyhood and I cannot say how much I regretted his retirement. He was a statesman among engineers, with a broad outlook, and was even then advocating a Pacific cable from Canada to Australia as a link with which to bind the Empire together. The cable was not laid for twenty years later, but, in the meantime, he kept it continuously before the public.

NOTABLE GROUP OF ENGINEERS.

In the early spring of 1880 contracts were awarded to Mr. Andrew Onderdonk for the line from Emory's Bar to Kamloops Lake and, later, from Port Moody to Emory's. Upon some of these sections other people had tendered lower than Mr. Onderdonk, but, with the consent of the government, he took over their contracts. Immediately after the route via the Thompson and Fraser rivers to Port Moody had been finally selected, and the work placed under contract, Sir Sandford Fleming retired from the position of chief engineer and was succeeded by Mr. Schreiber, who, though over 80 years, is still actively engaged on the line of the G. T. P. and is probably the oldest engineer in Canada still in harness.

During the construction Mr. Marcus Smith had charge of the work from Port Moody to Emory's Bar, I had charge from Emory's Bar to Boston Bar, Mr. George H. Keefer had charge from Boston Bar to Lytton, Mr. Henry McLeod from Lytton to a point some miles beyond Spence's Bridge and Mr. L. G. Hamlin from that point to Kamloops Lake. Sir Joseph Trutch, who had previously been governor of British Columbia,

came out as government agent and counsel to the engineers in many business matters. Mr. Marcus Smith died many years ago; Mr. Keefer died during the past year; Mr. Hamlin was frozen to death in the Klondyke, and Sir Joseph Trutch passed away in England a few years ago. Only Mr. McLeod and myself are now living.

THE JUDGE AND DAVE MCBETH.

"Mr. Onderdonk, the contractor, was not quite thirty years of age, but very clever, a good organizer, possessed of a great deal of tact and backed by unlimited capital in the shape of Mr. D. O. Mills, a well-known millionaire. He had as his engineer Mr. E. G. Tilton, who, I believe, is at present engineer of a road from Los Angeles to Utah. At the outset we were asked by the government to reduce the cost of the work as much as possible and Mr. White, my principal assistant, who is now chief of the Canadian Northern Pacific, and I, spent many anxious hours trying to do so." (Mr. White, by the way, was one of the veteran guests of honor at the recent Vancouver Pioneers' banquet to which reference has been made.) "No such mountain work had ever been attempted in Canada before, and we were confronted by new problems almost every day. One of our great troubles was the old wagon road, which ran for miles alongside the railway and which had to be kept open, as it was the only means of access to the upper country and continued so until the railway took its place. As a matter of fact, if you were to block the railway above Yale even now there would be no other means of access to the interior. The difficulty of keeping this road open can only be appreciated by people who have seen prairie schooners. These usually consisted of two wagons, coupled together and drawn by nine yoke of oxen or teams of mules, the whole well over 100 feet long. It will be gathered what these meant going round curves. I remember upon one occasion near old Spuzzum suspension bridge that a blast had been fired, filling all the road. A fine old fellow named Dave McBeth, who was well known in B. C. and who died in Vancouver only the other day, was foreman. He got the slide partly cleared away, when a coach came along driven by that notable whip, Steve Tingley. Among the loose stuff, a rock, of which Dave was unaware, had been left, and the coach, in which was Judge McCreight—who is still living—upset. The judge was irritated and told Dave, much to the amusement of the other passengers, that if he was ever brought before him he would have no compunction in condemning him to be hanged for his carelessness in allowing such an accident to happen."

CONVICTED BY HIS SOCKS.

Mr. Cambie has a habit of pulling up every now and again as he narrates a humorous reminiscence, "not for publication." Of course these are some of the best stories. Here is an anecdote which I rescued. "It was on May 24, 1880—Victoria Day—that we had sports in Yale, and a nephew of mine went to a room where we had our surplus baggage stored to get a pair of running shoes. He found that his valise had disappeared and, upon further search, it was discovered that several other valises had gone—among them a trunk of Mr. McLeod's clothes. Suspicion fell upon the cook of the camp, who had been discharged the day before. So a constable was sent up the road in search of him. The first thing

the constable saw when he had gone some distance was an Indian riding up Jackass Mountain and wearing McLeod's tail coat. The Indian told the constable, in Chinook, that he had just purchased the coat and that it fitted him very well. He was also wearing Mr. McLeod's plug hat, which had been stored away. The thief was caught, brought back to Yale and tried before Judge Crease. Mr. McLeod, while in the witness box, was asked to identify the clothes and, almost with tears in his eyes, called the judge's attention to the prisoner's feet. The prisoner was wearing a pair of red silk socks which, Mr. McLeod explained, had taken his wife half a year of evenings to knit for his evening wear. These socks convicted the cook."



Glimpse of Vancouver harbor and shipping.

"The same day I met the bishop and Mrs. Sillitoe," added Mr. Cambie, "who had just arrived in British Columbia and were on one of their pioneering trips. In reading Mrs. Sillitoe's recollections in this series of stories, while I was much interested, I could not help regretting that she did not tell you more of her personal adventures, as her experiences would certainly rank ahead of those of most of our pioneer women. I am afraid that her modesty stood in her way. She was very popular wherever she went, whether it was in the city, on the trail or in the mining camp, and she, like her husband, was very musical and had a particularly good voice."

TRANSPORTATION DIFFICULTIES: HAND WORK.

And now we come to the actual construction of the line. "Mr. Onderdonk had a lot of very fine superintendents," observed Mr. Cambie,

"who pushed the work along as fast as it was possible to do. Notwithstanding this, the great amount of tunnelling and rock cutting and the difficulty of getting what we wanted into the work caused the progress to be very slow, so that the track was not laid up to the Cisco cantilever bridge until four years had elapsed. Teaming on the wagon road was the only way in which heavy stuff could be brought to the scene of operations in many parts, and, therefore, most of the work which is now done by steam shovels and power drills, had to be done by hand. From Savona to Sicamus the line ran along Kamloops Lake, Thompson River and Shuswap Lakes, so that it could be reached by steamers at almost any point and this part of the work progressed much more rapidly than the other. The rails came by ship to Port Moody and supplied all the line up to Craighillachie, and, in fact, we could have got farther if we had had more rails on this Pacific side. The line from Winnipeg westward to Craighillachie had all been constructed and the track laid with Winnipeg as the base." (It is worthy of note that only a Scotchman—or possibly an Irishman—can correctly pronounce this jaw-breaking name of Craig—etc.—etc.) "Craighillachie is 340 miles from Port Moody and is in Eagle Pass (sixteen miles from Sicamus). Eagle Pass had been discovered by Mr. Walter Moberly when he was trying to locate a road to communicate with the gold mines in eastern Kootenay. At Craighillachie we met the track which had been laid from Winnipeg through to that point and during the construction we really knew very little about what they were doing on that side, because there was no direct mode of communication between us. Our letters, if we had written them, would have gone round by San Francisco to St. Paul and then back."

A STRANGE CROWD.

I asked Mr. Cambie to give me some idea of the class of labor used on the work during construction, and he replied that, in the main, a much higher type of workman was engaged then than is the case now on such work. "Outside the Chinese there were very few foreigners in the country," he explained, "and most of the men on the construction work were English-speaking, many of them Englishmen. I was often surprised at the great number among them who were well informed men who had drifted through most parts of the world, many of them highly educated. They were good workmen, too. Onderdonk supplied excellent camps and good sleeping quarters and the food in his camps was of really good quality and well served. I often dropped in and had a meal in the camps. The wages were \$2 and upwards per day. At the start, however, the labor was not satisfactory. In the spring of 1882 Mr. Oderdonk found that the white labor that he had got from San Francisco—the only source of supply at the moment—consisted for the most part of clerks out of employment, broken-down bartenders and others of that ilk, men who had never handled a shovel before and who often appeared on the scene attired in fashionable garments in a rather tattered state, who might even be seen in the cuttings with patent leather shoes, much the worse for wear and trousers sprung over the foot.

CHINESE VANGUARD ARRIVES IN B. C.

"So he determined to import a lot of Chinamen—the first large number of Chinese coolies to be imported into this country at one time—

and he got two ship loads, 1,000 men in each. They came in very bad weather and had to be kept below hatches most of the way, so, as soon as they got upon the work and began to take violent exercise, they developed scurvy and were decimated, fully one-tenth of their number dying. Being fatalists, as soon as a man was stricken with scurvy the others would not wait upon him or even give him a drink, and the government agent at Yale had great difficulty in getting them buried when they died. In fact many of their bodies were so lightly covered with a few rocks and a little earth that one became unpleasantly aware of the fact while walking along the line."

"By the way, it may be interesting to mention that Yale at this time attracted much attention in different parts of Canada. It was a curiosity in the matter of vice flaunting itself before the public along the main streets and I recollect quite a number of articles being written in the papers about this unfortunate feature of Yale life."

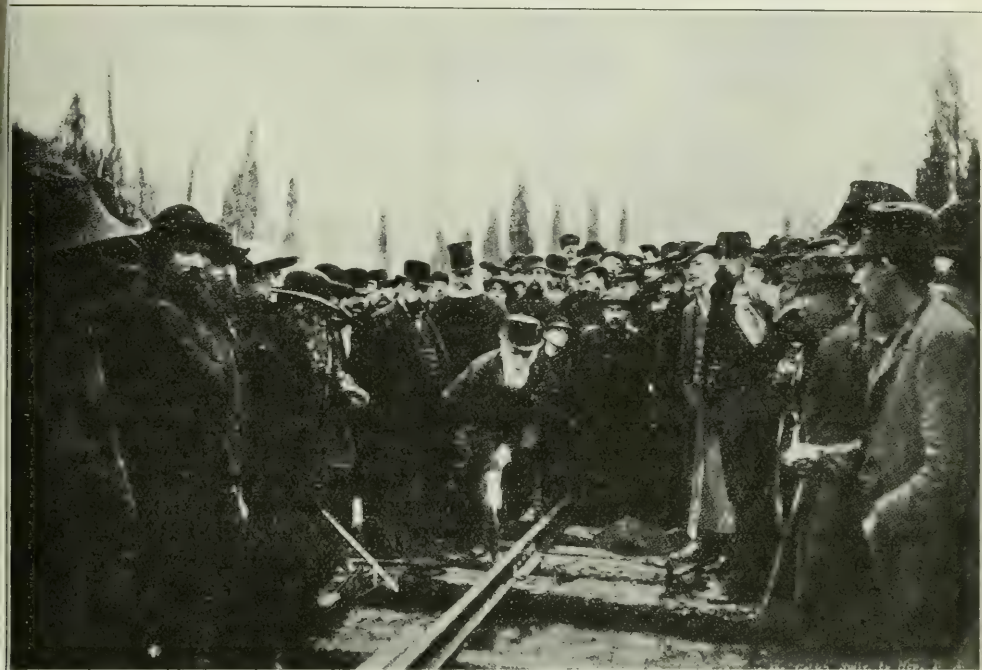
GALAXY OF CONTRACTORS—"THE BISHOP."

Mr. Cambie's own particular section of the construction work by the Government was completed in the early spring of 1884, when he entered the service of the railway company and proceeded to Kamloops to take charge of the work for the company, whose line from the east was then being built from Field westward. He took charge from Savona to Shuswap Lake, and Major Rogers from that point to Craighillachie. On the work constructed for the company to the east of Savanah many of the superintendents and contractors were the same who had been at work on what were called the government sections. "I should have stated that Mr. Tilton only remained about two years and after he had left Mr. Onderdonk got out Mr. M. J. Haney as manager and superintendent of construction," interpolated Mr. Cambie. "Mr. Haney, who resides in Toronto, has since become a well-known contractor and very wealthy man. Then we had, a contractors under Mr. Onderdonk, Mr. A. G. Ferguson, who built a large number of the tunnels, and who, assisted by Mr. Dean, our well-known yachtsman in Vancouver, had the best organized work I think I ever saw; Mr. James Leamy, who died about a year ago, and who was for many years timber agent for the Dominion Government with reference to the railway belts in B. C.; Mr. J. B. Harrison, for years afterwards a member of the City Council of Victoria, who died many years ago; Captain Troup, now superintendent of the C. P. R. coast steamships; Mr. Hugh Keefer, who is still with us in the quarry business; Mr. E. Choate, who framed all the bridges, and Mr. D. MacGilliveray, who erected them and who afterwards became a prominent contractor in this province, and also in Ontario, where he died—his family are still with us in Vancouver; Mr. George Monroe, who still lives in the city, and Mr. A. Macdonald, the man who laid the track and ballasted it, and who was overtaken by a train and killed a few years ago while crossing a bridge on a velocipede.

"Major Rogers, whom I spoke of just now as having charge to the east of my work, was an original character. He was a man of wonderful energy, and Rogers Pass, the pass through which the line was afterwards built through the Selkirks, bears his name. His powers of profanity were very great and, in consequence, he went by the cognomen of 'The Bishop.'

PERILOUS PROCEEDINGS: A TRAGIC END.

In response to some pressure as to the difficulties of laying out the work—apart altogether from the difficulties of construction—Mr. Cambie admitted that these were great. He instanced particularly the Cherry Creek bluffs on Kamloops Lake. "In fact quite a stretch of it was laid out by a very small portion of our engineering staff," he observed, "consisting of two sailors, who sprung ropes from rock to rock or from tree to



Driving of last spike of Canadian Pacific Railway by Sir Donald Smith (afterwards Lord Strathcona) at Craigellachie, British Columbia, in 1885. Sir Sandford Fleming and Sir William Van Horne are seen on the right of Lord Strathcona, and Mr. Cambie, bearded, is upon his left.

tree, and a few engineers, who, steadying themselves with these ropes, went along in their bare feet to lay out the work, with a precipice, and then Kamloops Lake of unknown depth, immediately below them. Yes, I was one of those engineers. The only one of our engineering staff who came to grief was Mr. Melchoir Eberts, who was killed close by the old Alexandra suspension bridge, in January, 1881. He was hurrying to get his work in shape in order to go away for a month's leave, and was climbing over a bluff, which was then covered with snow and crusted with ice. The poor fellow slipped, went head first down a steep slope until he struck the grade and brought up against a stump overhanging the Fraser River. When found a little while afterwards he had a large number of wounds about his head, any one of which would have proved fatal."

GRASSHOPPER TRESTLE: GREAT LOSS OF LIFE.

An example which Mr. Cambie instanced of the difficulties which had to be faced was this one: "We had to increase the curvature beyond anything we had ever seen up to that time on a main line of railway, and, in order to get round the face of some of the bluffs, we had to construct what we called grasshopper trestles, that is trestles with long posts on the outside, standing in steps cut in the rock, and on the other side a very short post, if any, because very often we had half a roadbed. These things have since been done away with and their places taken by retaining walls."

Questioned as to loss of life generally during the construction work, Mr. Cambie replied: "There was very heavy loss of life, more especially upon the construction work through the canyons of the Fraser, where all the work was in rock and where there was great difficulty in getting good cover when shots were fired. A great many men, too, were drowned, but I have no idea how many men lost their lives, though I believe the Provincial Government kept reports."

LORD STRATHCONA DRIVES LAST SPIKE.

"Early in November, 1885, the track which had been laid from the east met that which had been laid from the west. And there gathered at Craigillachie to witness the connection of the track and the completion of the transcontinental railway Sir Donald A. Smith (afterwards Lord Strathcona), vice-president of the railway; Mr. van Horne (afterwards Sir William), general manager; Mr. Sandford Fleming (afterwards Sir Sandford) and Mr. Harris of Boston, directors, with Mr. Harry Abbott (afterwards general superintendent of the Pacific Division). Mr. James Ross, manager of the construction of the line through the Rockies and Selkirks, with many of his associates, was also present, but they were strangers to me. Those who had taken part in the construction from the Pacific Coast eastward were represented by Mr. Haney, manager of construction for Mr. Onderdonk, with Mr. Marcus Smith, Major Rogers and myself representing the engineering staff.

"Lord Strathcona drove the spike, while Major Rogers, with a bar, held up the tie in which it was driven. The party gathered round to see what was done, and were photographed. A funny incident occurred last year in connection with this picture. The 'Montreal Star' published a print of the group, giving the names of the more prominent members of the party, with a special arrow pointing to my head as that of Lord Mountstephen, the president of the road. They evidently supposed that, as president of the road, he should be there, but he happened at that time to be in England. Immediately after the spike had been driven the directors' train started for Port Moody, and the engine which hauled us was driven by Bob Mee—he died this year—who hauled a passenger train either in or out of Vancouver every day for many years."

ALMOST MIRACULOUS ESCAPE.

While recording incidents of the construction work, I omitted one incident which savors of the miraculous. "Mr. W. Evans, who ran an engine for Mr. Onderdonk, and who has been for years inspecting engine driver from Vancouver to Revelstoke, was, in the autumn of 1884, going east with a long train. Three or four miles beyond Keefers, and

just opposite Jackass Mountain, he met a slide of rock on the track. The engine ran up on to it, turned partly round and dropped about forty feet into a pile of rock debris—with which it slid about 200 feet to the Fraser River. The extraordinary feature of the incident is that no one was seriously hurt, and the engine was quite uninjured—not even a head-light broken—though one could hardly expect a cat to get down there alive. The engine was hauled up and repaired, and started out again in three weeks' time, with Evans again in charge, and a short distance above Ashcroft went through a trestle, when he again escaped unhurt, though two men with him were killed. So far as I know, Evans has not met with an accident since. I have a photograph of the first of these two incidents, showing the engine with its cowcatcher in the river."

"Sometime in 1885 the managers of the C. P. R. made arrange-



North Vancouver today; forest ten years ago.

ments with the local government and with the private owners of lots round Coal Harbor, in what is now Vancouver, for certain grants of land at this point as an inducement for them to extend their line from Port Moody to this point. At the same time they arranged for a subsidy for a branch line to New Westminster, and in October, 1885, I came down from Kamloops with two survey parties to locate these lines. For a long while Port Moody remained the terminus and the line to Vancouver was a branch line."

PRINCESS AND SPLENDID TREE.

Feeling that a few rambling recollections (coming from so reliable a source) of Vancouver's early days would constitute a fitting termination to this story, I pressed the explorer and railway builder for them. "I will just run off a few memories of Vancouver in my own way, then," he

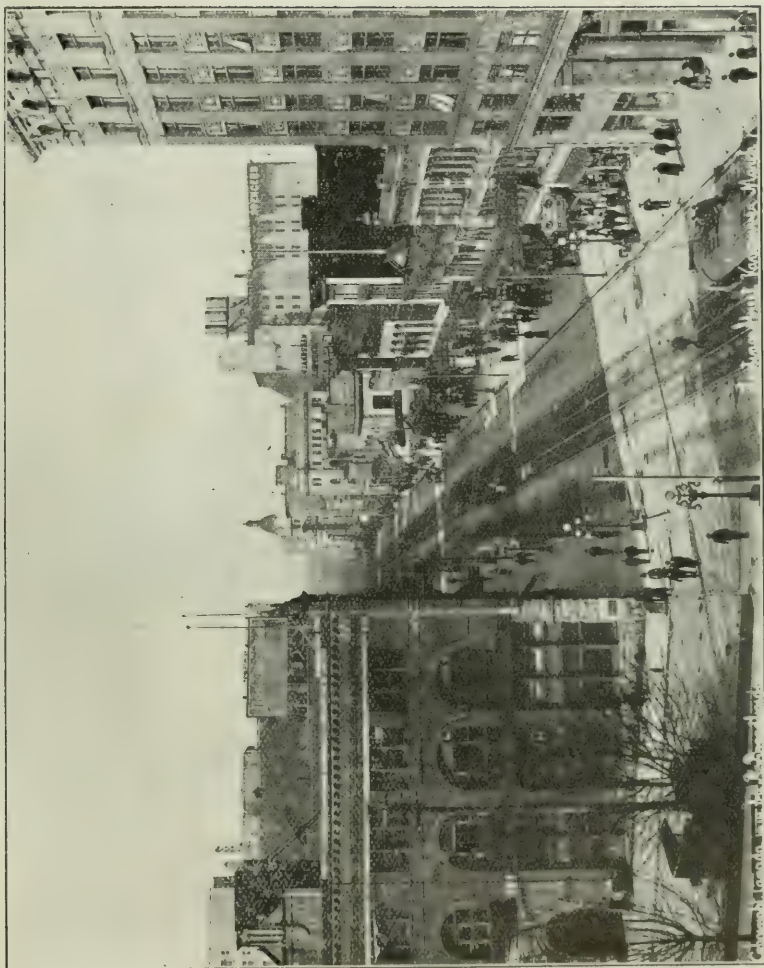
replied, "and you need not ask me any questions, because, if you do, it will set me off upon so many side tracks of memory, as I recollect incidents humorous and serious, of the old days and old-timers, that we shall certainly not finish this week, and I think a long-suffering public have already had more than enough of my reminiscences. Such memories as I may give you today can only interest old-timers here, as there will be nothing of the exciting or strenuous about them to appeal to a larger public."

"I found this a very different place from what it had been in 1874. Quite a little village had sprung up at the corner of Carrall and Water streets. The Sunnyside Hotel at that point was a comfortable establish-



Meeting of Vancouver City Council after the great fire which practically obliterated the city in 1886.

ment, run by Mr. Harry Hemlow, who is still here. 'Gassy Jack's' old place stood in the middle of Carrall street. The owners of the Hastings Mill had refused to permit him to sell liquor on their property, so he had gone just outside it, the boundary line being the centre of Carrall street. Mr. Joe Manion had an hotel on Water street a few doors from Carrall. There was a good road to Westminster, via Hastings, and also a good road via Mount Pleasant. A syndicate of Victoria gentlemen, with whom was associated Messrs. Oppenheimer Brothers, then of Yale and Victoria, had purchased all the holdings of the Hastings Mill Company, and was clearing that portion of it between Carrall street and Gore avenue. The timber was slashed, but the trees were lying on the ground, and this made



Hastings Street West from Cambie Street.

it very difficult to get about, except actually on the roads. In this clearing one magnificent tree stood on the bank where the approach to the Grand Trunk Pacific wharf is at the present time. Some of the loggers here had, in 1882, asked the Princess Louise to see it felled. She could not come at the time and requested them to preserve the tree for her sake. Sir William van Horne afterwards gave it into my charge and it was cut down some years afterwards during my absence, as being a menace to the people doing business round that part. The roots had been burned by the fire. Forest trees are never safe when left for any length of time standing by themselves.

MR. HAMILTON NAMES THE STREETS.

"By the direction of our managers, in December, '88, I got tenders for clearing a portion of the townsite. They expected me to get it done for a little more than they were in the habit of paying in the east, probably \$15 or \$20 per acre. They were taken aback very much at the prices asked and did not allow me to proceed with the clearing until Mr. Harry Abbott, who superceded me as far as the company's work was concerned, appeared on the scene. I located the line from Port Moody here and as far west along the shore of English Bay as the western boundary of lot 526. That is about half a mile beyond the present terminus of the Kitsilano tram line. Later a special Act of Parliament was passed making Coal Harbor the terminus of the C. P. R. line. The clearing of the townsite was nearly all done by Mr. D. B. Charleson, as superintendent for the C. P. R.

"Upon arrival here after the driving of the last spike, I found my old friend Mr. R. H. Alexander in charge of Hastings Mill, and also dispensing justice to the unruly. Mr. Jonathan Miller was government agent, constable and gaoler. He was afterwards postmaster of this city for many years. Mr. L. A. Hamilton was here as agent for the C. P. R., and he it was who had the laying out of the townsite and the naming of the streets. He called the first street Abbott, after the general superintendent; the second street, Cambie, after your humble servant; the third street, Hamilton, after himself, and then he had to fall back upon such unimportant persons as lieutenant-governors, members of the legislature, and so on. Homer was named after the member for the district. Richards after the hon. A. N. Richards, who had been lieutenant-governor of the province shortly before; Seymour after the last lieutenant-governor of the mainland before the mainland and Vancouver Island were made one province. I do not know how Hastings came to be named—that was before my time. Granville street was named after the old Granville townsite. Lord Granville was, I believe, a member of the British Government at the time of the naming. Smythe, Robson and Davie were all premiers of B. C., and Nelson was a lieutenant-governor.

PROMINENT OLD-TIME OFFICIALS.

"I also found here at that time looking out for desirable lots, Mr. Innes and Mr. Graveley, who became partners shortly afterwards. Also Dr. Lefevre and Mr. R. G. Tatlow, the latter afterwards finance minister in the McBride administration. Also our genial fellow citizen, Mr. C. Gardner-Johnson. Then there was Mr. A. G. Fergusson, who had done so well with his tunnelling for the main line of the railway that he was

able to put up the first buildings of any pretensions in what is now the City of Vancouver. One of these was a fine building at the south-east corner of Carrall and Powell streets, which was burned down in the fire, and another was a store building at the corner of Cordova and Carrall, known as the Boulder saloon. This was erected after the fire.

"The prominent officials when the road was opened in 1886 were Mr. W. P. Salsbury, local treasurer, who is still with us; Mr. D. E. Brown, general freight and passenger agent, and now of Brown & Macaulay, and his assistants, Mr. George McL. Brown, now general agent for the C. P. R. in Europe, with offices in London, and Mr. H. Connon; Mr. A. J. Dana, who has been purchasing agent ever since; Mr. L. R.



J. W. Horne's real estate office after the Vancouver fire.

Johnson, master mechanic; Mr. R. Marpole, who had the general direction of the Pacific Division under Mr. Harry Abbott, and who generally resided in Kamloops, and myself, engineer of the Pacific Division.

INTO THE WILDS OF GEORGIA STREET.

"After the line was opened to Vancouver—in May, 1887—the Bank of B. C. opened an office here with Mr. J. C. Keith as manager and Mr. R. G. Harvey, now of Loewen & Harvey, as his assistant. This was Vancouver's pioneer bank. I lived for upwards of a year at Black's

Hotel, Hastings, but in May, 1887, much to the amusement of my friends, I went out into the country and purchased two lots at the corner of Georgia and Thurlow streets. I could not, however, induce the city to clear a track so that I could reach that property until near the end of that year when I at once started building and moved out there in 1888. I had to lay the first sidewalk on Georgia at my own expense, as the city would not do it, and when I got the telephone there the company dunned me for more than a year to pay for the poles from Granville street down to my place, as they told me that no one else in that generation would ever go to live west of Granville street.

"My first office in town was in a little two-storey building on the east side of Granville street, where the northernmost section of the Hudson's Bay Company's store now stands. This little house belonged to a contractor, Mr. H. A. Bell, and I think I am safe in saying that it was then almost the only house on Granville street south of Hastings. When I looked out of my windows my view was limited to the foundations of the C. P. R. Vancouver Hotel, and to the frame of my own house in the wilds.

VANCOUVER FIRE RATHER EXAGGERATED.

"The fire which occurred in 1886 wiped out all the little town then existing, and it was a very terrible fire, but I think it has been somewhat exaggerated, as there were then not a dozen buildings of any size in the town. Such as they were, however, they were wiped out. I was in Kamloops with my family at the time.

"On May 24, 1887, we had horse racing on Granville street, which had just been cleared, and the stumps taken out from Georgia to Pacific street. And that reminds me that there was one other house south of Hastings on Granville, a very rude sort of building in which Mr. Charleson boarded the promiscuous gang of men who were clearing the townsite. Downstairs was an eating room, and upstairs at night the men lay like sardines round the walls. This building is still standing with a pretentious brick front, and is, I think, the next building to the north of the Cecil Hotel. There are still standing between Davie and Pacific streets a number of wooden houses which were brought bodily from Yale when the C. P. R. Company moved their shops from Yale to Vancouver the first year that they operated to this city, they having previously used the machine shops erected by Mr. Onderdonk for his construction work. These houses were for years—and may be yet—known as Yale Town.

CAPTAIN BOLE'S CANNON.

"At the same time that we were building a branch from Port Moody here we were constructing one into New Westminster. Mr. John Hendry was then Mayor of that city, and afforded us every facility in his power, as also did his successor, Mr. Dickinson. Early in 1886, as mayor, Mr. Dickinson turned the first sod of that branch alongside the old building at New Westminster, which had been the first Parliament House of the Province of British Columbia, and was opposite the gate of the penitentiary. Upon that occasion Captain Bole—afterwards Judge Bole—turned out with his company of artillery, and, when the sod was turned, fired a salute. A number of Chinamen had climbed up into an apple tree near the spot in order to look down at the proceedings. Captain

Bole's cannon, by design or by accident, was pointed right at them, and when it was fired, the Chinamen, whether from fright or from some other cause, I don't know, dropped to the ground in a shower, like apples when a tree is shaken, much to the amusement of the crowd. I have seldom seen anything funnier."

A NARROW ESCAPE.

And upon this humorous note I think we will leave Mr. Cambie—for is he not an Irishman? No, there is just one other note—also humor-



OPEN AIR CONCERT, ENGLISH BAY, VANCOUVER

ous. I asked the G. O. M. if he had ever taken part in public life or run for office, and this was his reply: "Once upon a time after I had settled down at Vancouver they decided to put the waterworks under a commission, and the members of that commission were to be elected. I was one honored in that way. Being at Montreal at the time of my election, I telegraphed my thanks to one of the newspapers in the form of an advertisement. When I returned to Vancouver I found that the by-law had been repealed and that my services were not required. Never had I dreamed of public office, and I felt, after that incident, that a kindly fate had determined that I should escape this toil of the snarer, at any rate, and I have managed to do so ever since."

So I left the explorer and builder of the great railway through the canyons of the Fraser, laughing heartily.





ENGLISH BAY, VANCOUVER

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